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THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

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If You Don't Mind My Saying So . . . . .

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The aftereffects of an atomic catastrophe would, of course, be of great interest to scientists—assuming, that is, that any of them were left. Life, so they tell us, has come back to Bikini in a much shorter time than they had anticipated. But they still don't know what would be the result of blasting a much larger area. Even the ultimate effect of gene mutations is a matter of speculation, since there is a theory (seriously proposed by some, and poohpoohed by others) that a sudden leap from humanoid to homo took place a million years or so ago when a reversal of the earth's magnetic field released a bombardment from the Van Allen Belt.

Of course, the vast majority of radiation-provoked mutations would be disadvantageous if not lethal, but a really thorough blasting of the globe might result, ultimately, in millions of deformed morons living in some sort of subjection to a few supermen. On the other hand, it may be that the demonstrated resistance of insects to radiation would give them so great a temporary advantage over all the vertebrates that they would lead the resumed march of evolution and the next rational creature to emerge be six-legged.

So far as I am aware, no one has yet suggested that an attempt be made to answer these questions by experimenting on a really large scale, say continent or perhaps hemisphere wide. But we are moving in that direction.

Consider, for example, a book entitled *The Theory of Island Biogeography,* by Robert H. MacArthur and Edward O. Wilson (Princeton University Press). According to a highly laudatory review in *Science* (5 January 1968), it is clear that this book is "the most significant and original contribution to biogeography since P. J. Darlington's book *Zoogeography.*" The review continues:

> It is to be hoped that, in the future, experimental studies of single species as well as of the biotas of small islands or of special environmental situations on continents will result in major advances in our knowledge of "the biogeography of the species." And, in their concluding chapter 8, the authors call for specific and detailed studies of this type. They emphasize that investigators can create "miniature Krakatus" on small islands by removing, by poisoning or by manual means, certain or all elements of the biota. Thereafter the immigration, the colonization, and turnover rates can be measured for the propagules reaching an island.

According to the reviewer, Professor Terrell H. Hamilton of the University of Texas at Austin, this suggestion "may revitalize ecology"—although revitalize seems an odd word to choose in describing the results of a mass obliteration of life. To him, I suppose, Hiroshima "revitalized" both atomic research and the science of warfare.

As a "nature lover" and therefore regarded by some as an enemy of science, I am nevertheless very grateful to serious investigators whose work has increased my awareness of the wonder and beauty of life and sometimes intensified the empathy that is the real *raison d'être* of my interest

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either in their work or in the natural world itself. But I have often regretted the recent tendency of the biological sciences to retire from the field into the laboratory and to transform themselves completely into biochemistry. In biochemistry there are wonders enough and no doubt beauties of a kind, but I do not see how anyone could develop an empathy with a nucleic acid. One may love an animal or even a flower but not, so at least it seems to me, a double helix, whatever the mathematical beauty of its symmetry may be.

For all these reasons, I formerly found encouragement in the development of ecology, new a generation or two ago. It was concerned with the community of living things, and it tended to stress observation of such communities more than laboratory experimentation. It is almost a nature lover's branch of science, or at least one not incompatible with an emotional and aesthetic involvement. Ecology joined hands with conservation and it demonstrated so conclusively the folly of the old-fashioned attempt to exploit nature without regard to her interrelationships and alliances that its lessons were gradually being learned by many of those who had the power to act accordingly. But the pull of the biological sciences is against precisely this sort of thing, and the ruthless experimenters are out to take ecology away from those who created it. Thus the reviewer of *The Theory of Island Biogeography* goes on:

> The book has strong implications for the future development of ecology as a predictive science. It represents an effort to take biogeography out of its present natural history setting and place it in a new one, more conducive to experimentation and more amenable to theoretical analysis.

"More conducive to experimentation" means, among other things, more conducive to such enterprises as sterilizing an island and, possibly, proceeding to similar experimentations on a larger scale.

Unfortunately, the reviewer in *Science* is by no means alone. Another recent book *Man in the Landscape,* by Paul Shepard, currently lecturing in human ecology at Smith College, is subtitled "A Historical View of the Esthetics of Nature." That may seem to promise comfort to me, but I am woefully disappointed. In fact, the author pays me the painful compliment of attention in the form of a sneer:

> Joseph Wood Krutch condemns the hunter for killing, claiming the distinction between life and death is one of the most absolute boundaries which we know. But this is not so. Life has atomic as well as planetary dimensions. The most satisfactory definitions and descriptions of life are in physical and chemical terms of events and processes which, occurring in a certain harmony, produce what we call life.

For the sake of argument, I will admit that I may be wrong about hunters. But even for the sake of argument, I am not willing to go even that far when it comes to accepting the statement that "the most satisfactory definitions and descriptions of life are in physical and chemical terms of events and processes." Such a definition is no doubt the most satisfactory to those who wish to create experiments like that suggested by the authors of *The Theory of Island Biogeography.* But although Dr. Shepard got his degree at Yale University, I will wager that his teacher was not Paul Sears, the recently retired founder of the Department of Ecology at Yale. I have had some association with Professor Sears, and I never heard him suggest that "the most satisfactory" description of life was in physical or chemical terms. In fact, I suspect that he would agree with me that even Henry James's "Life is that predicament which precedes death" is better because it is at least a definition from the standpoint of the living.

As a matter of fact, I doubt that Dr. Shepard himself thinks of his own life in any such terms as those which he calls "most satisfactory." I rather imagine that he would admit as much but would reply that science demands an objectivity that mere human beings cannot be expected to

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attain. My opinion is that those who enjoy the privileges of the human being as he sees himself had better not give over the management of their lives to those who assume that the most significant description of life is in terms that encourage the treatment of human beings as less than human.

Nietzsche said that the way to understand a philosopher is not to listen to what he says but to find out what it is that he wants. Of course, scientists are not supposed to want anything except the truth, but few of them are exempt from human nature, and when I read a statement like that made by Dr. Shepard I am inclined to ask what it is that he wants.

A more striking example is furnished by the pronouncement of Dean Wooldridge, director and former president of the Thompson Ramo Wooldridge Corporation, which was one of the leaders in the development of various "sophisticated" electronic contraptions. A few years ago he suggested in the New York *Times* that it rather looked as though consciousness would soon be explained away as not essentially different from what could be made to go on in certain electronic devices. Now he is apparently prepared to dispense with all qualifications. He permits his new book, *Mechanical Man,* to be advertised in these terms:

> Here Dr. Wooldridge demonstrates that our physical and behavioral properties—indeed, the very origin of life—are entirely the results of the normal operation of physical laws on inanimate matter.
>
> He also shows how purely physical structures, including man-made machines, can exhibit real intelligence. He even traces consciousness and its contents to physical states of neutronal material. Finally, the import of these provocative propositions on traditional conceptions such as personality, free will, morality and religion is explored.

Here the tone is certainly not the emotional neutrality of scientific objectivity. There is an air of triumph that is more than the mere expression of satisfaction in the discovery of some truth without emotional significance. If I were really convinced that what Mr. Wooldridge proclaims is true, I would be saddened. The fact that Mr. Wooldridge is exultant is equally significant. It means that he is glad to be convinced of what he so confidently affirms. But why is he glad?

Miss Anna Williams, the blind dependent of Dr. Samuel Johnson, once remarked apropos drunkenness that she wondered "what pleasure men can take in making beasts of themselves." And the reply of the doctor was relevant to the question I have just asked concerning Mr. Wooldridge. "I wonder, madam, that you have not penetration enough to see the strong inducement in this excess; for he who makes a beast of himself gets rid of the pain of being a man."

Freudians would perhaps call both drunkenness and philosophical mechanism an expression of the death wish. But that really comes down to the same thing. Beasts and machines are alike in that both are free from the burden of making a choice, recognizing a value, or assuming a responsibility.

On a lower but communicating level of wishful thinking is the fact that the mechanical man, unlike any other kind of man, would be subject to that complete explanation and, what is more important, that complete control which many scientists hope for—although why the ability to exercise complete control should be desired by anyone except the most convinced totalitarian I do not know.

A few years ago Dr. Francis Hsu wrote in the *Colorado Quarterly* (Autumn, 1960) as follows:

> The only way to get out of this vicious circle is to break it now by a concentrated effort in the behavioral sciences, to devise ways and means of liberating man from his magical mode of thought about human behavior.

Obviously, "magical mode of thought about human behavior" means any assumption that a man is more than mechanical,

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and if he is not, then brainwashing is obviously the only way of improving his behavior. But since I do not believe that the mechanical man is the whole man, I am unwilling to accept Dr. Hsu's pronouncement. I am willing to consider the possibility that we might be saved from our present perilous state by philosophy, religion, sensibility, or indeed anything that depends upon the free functioning of the human intellect and spirit. But I do not believe that we can be saved by propaganda, manipulation and conditioning. The most complete and successful application of such methods could do no more than transform us into well-behaved puppets. And that would be, not salvation, but the damnation of an eternal death.

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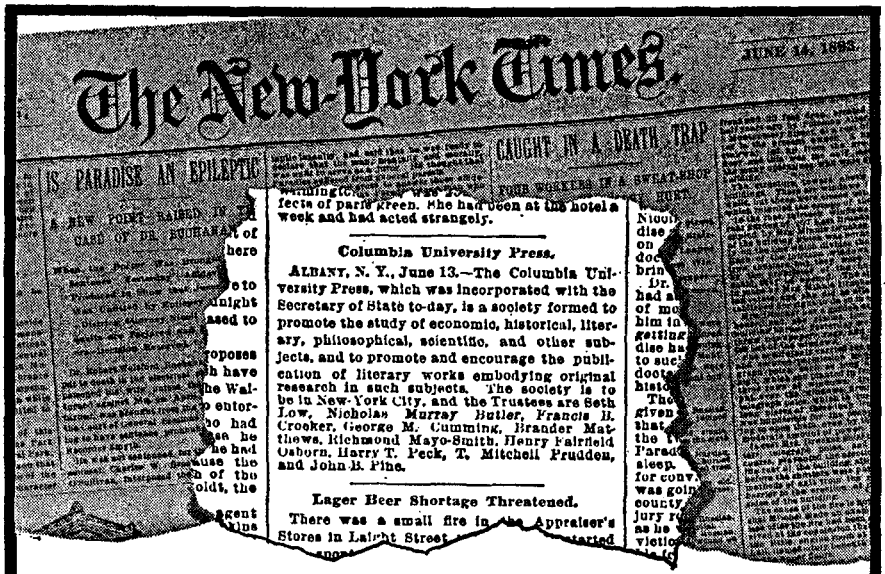

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JUNE 14, 1882.

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The 214th Columbia University Commencement Address

RICHARD HOFSTADTER

FOR A LONG TIME, Columbia University has been part of my life. I came here as a graduate student in 1937, returned as a member of the faculty in 1946, and have since remained. In these years, I have had at this University many admired and cherished colleagues, and many able students. In this respect, I am but one of a large company of faculty members who, differing as they do on many matters, are alike in their sense of the greatness of this institution and in their affection for it. In this hour of its most terrible trial, it could surely have found a great many of us willing to speak. Quite frankly I have never been very much interested in Commencements, although I recognize their important symbolic function. But it seems to me entirely appropriate, and also symbolic, that on this unusual occasion a member of the faculty should have been asked to speak. Trustees, administrators and students tend to agree that in ultimate reality the members of the faculty *are* the university, and we of the faculty have not been disposed to deny it.

Yet while I hope I am speaking in the interest of my university, it would be wrong to suggest that I am precisely speaking for it. It is in fact of the very essence of the conception of the modern university that I wish to put before you that no one is authorized to speak for it. A university is firmly committed to certain basic values of freedom, rationality, inquiry, discussion, and to its own

✪ RICHARD HOFSTADTER gave this address on June 4, 1968, in the Cathedral Church of St. John the Divine, in the wake of the spring disturbances at Columbia University, where Mr. Hofstadter, author of *The American Political Tradition* and other books, is De Witt Clinton Professor of American History. His latest work, *The Progressive Historians: Turner, Beard, Parrington*, will be published by Knopf this fall.

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internal order; but it does not have corporate views of public questions. Administrators and trustees are, of course, compelled by practical necessity to take actions that involve some assumptions about the course and meaning of public affairs; but they know that in so doing they are not expressing a corporate university judgment or committing other minds. Members of the faculties often express themselves vigorously on public issues, but they acknowledge the obligation to make it clear that they are not speaking in the name of their university. This fact of our all speaking separately is in itself a thing of great consequence, because in this age of rather overwhelming organizations and collectivities, the university is singular in being a collectivity that serves as a citadel of intellectual individualism.

Although I mean to say a few things about our prospects at Columbia, let me first suggest to you how I think the modern university as such ought to be regarded.

A university is a community, but it is a community of a special kind—a community devoted to inquiry. It exists so that its members may inquire into truths of all sorts. Its presence marks our commitment to the idea that somewhere in society there must be an organization in which anything can be studied or questioned—not merely safe and established things but difficult and inflammatory things, the most troublesome questions of politics and war, of sex and morals, of property and national loyalty. It is governed by the ideal of academic freedom, applicable both to faculty and students. The ideal of academic freedom does indeed put extraordinary demands upon human restraint and upon our capacity for disinterested thought. Yet these demands are really of the same general order as those we regard as essential to any advanced civilization. The very possibility of civilized human discourse rests upon the willingness of people to consider that they may be mistaken. The possibility of modern democracy rests upon the willingness of governments to accept the existence of a loyal opposition, organized to reverse some of their policies and to replace them in office. Similarly, the possibility of the modern free university rests upon the willingness of society to support and sustain institutions part of whose business it is to examine, critically and

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without stint, the assumptions that prevail in that society. Professors are hired to teach and students are sent to learn with the quite explicit understanding that they are not required to agree with those who hire or send them.

Underlying these remarkable commitments is the belief that in the long run the university will best minister to society's needs not alone through its mundane services but through the far more important office of becoming an intellectual and spiritual balance wheel. This is a very demanding idea, an idea of tremendous sophistication, and it is hardly surprising that we have some trouble in getting it fully accepted by society or in living up to it ourselves. But just because it is demanding we should never grow tired of explaining or trying to realize it. Nor should we too quickly become impatient with those who do not immediately grasp it.

We are very much impressed now not simply by the special character of the free university but also by its fragility. The delicate thing about freedom is that while it requires restraints, it also requires that these restraints normally be self-imposed, and not forced from outside. The delicate thing about the university is that it has a mixed character, that it is suspended between its position in the external world, with all its corruption and evils and cruelties, and the splendid world of our imagination. The university does in fact perform certain mundane services of instruction and information to society—and there are those who think it should aspire to nothing more. It does in fact constitute a kind of free forum—and there are those who want to convert it primarily into a center of political action. But above these aspects of its existence stands its essential character as a center of free inquiry and criticism—a thing not to be sacrificed for anything else. A university is not a service station. Neither is it a political society, nor a meeting place for political societies. With all its limitations and failures, and they are invariably many, it is the best and most benign side of our society insofar as that society aims to cherish the human mind. To realize its essential character, the university has to be dependent upon something less precarious than the momentary balance of forces in society. It has to pin its faith on something that is not hard-boiled or self-regarding. It has to call not merely

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upon critical intelligence but upon self-criticism and self-restraint. There is no group of professors or administrators, of alumni or students, there is no class or interest in our society that should consider itself exempt from exercising the self-restraint or displaying the generosity that is necessary for the university's support.

Some people argue that because the modern university, whether public or private, is supported by and is part of the larger society, it therefore shares in all the evils of society, and must be quite ruthlessly revolutionized as a necessary step in social reform, or even in social revolution. That universities do share in, and may even at some times and in some respects propagate, certain ills of our society seems to me undeniable. But to imagine that the best way to change a social order is to start by assaulting its most accessible centers of thought and study and criticism is not only to show a complete disregard for the intrinsic character of the university but also to develop a curiously self-destructive strategy for social change. If an attempt is made to politicize completely our primary centers of free argument and inquiry, they will only in the end be forced to lose their character and be reduced to centers of vocational training, nothing more. Total and pure neutrality for the university is in fact impossible, but neutrality should continue to define our aim, and we should resist the demand that the university espouse the political commitments of any of its members. This means, too, that the university should be extraordinarily chary of relationships that even suggest such a political commitment.

The university is the only great organization in modern society that considers itself obliged not just to tolerate but even to give facilities and protection to the very persons who are challenging its own rules, procedures and policies. To subvert such a fragile structure is all too easy, as we now know. That is why it requires, far more than does our political society, a scrupulous and continued dedication to the conditions of orderly and peaceable discussion. The technique of the forceable occupation and closure of a university's buildings with the intention of bringing its activities to a halt is no ordinary bargaining device—it is a thrust at the vitals of university life. It is a powerful device for control by a determined minority, and its continued use would be fatal to any university.

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In the next few years the universities of this country will have to find the effective strategy to cope with it, and to distinguish it sharply and permanently from the many devices of legitimate student petition, demonstration and protest.

This brings me to our own problem. Our history and situation, our own mistakes, have done a great deal to create this problem; but it must not be regarded as an isolated incident, since it is only the most severe, among American universities, of a number of such incidents. We are at a crisis point in the history of American education and probably in that of the Western world. Not only in New York and Berkeley, but in Madrid and Paris, in Belgrade and Oxford, in Rome, Berlin and London, and on many college and university campuses throughout this country, students are disaffected, restive and rebellious.

I cannot pretend to offer a theory that will pull together all these events in a single coherent pattern. Nothing could be more dissimilar, for example, than the intramural situation of students at Columbia and students at the Sorbonne—nor, for that matter, than the response of the community to their actions—and yet the common bond of dissatisfaction is obvious. It is easier to account for the general rise in activism on American campuses, for all our students are troubled today by two facts of the most fundamental consequence for all of us—the persistence at home of poverty and racial injustice, and abroad of the war in Vietnam. It is the first of these that we will have to live with the longer and address ourselves to much more fully, imaginatively and generously than we have so far done. But in the short run the escalation of this cruel and misconceived venture in Vietnam has done more than any other thing to inflame our students, to undermine their belief in the legitimacy of our normal political processes, and to convince them that violence is the order of the day. I share their horror at this war, and I consider that the deep alienation it has inflicted on young Americans who would otherwise be well disposed toward their country is one of the staggering uncountable costs of the Vietnam undertaking. This war has already toppled a President; but its full effects on our national life have not yet been reckoned.

Here at Columbia, we have suffered a disaster whose precise

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dimensions it is impossible to state, because the story is not yet finished, and the measure of our loss still depends upon what we do. For every crisis, for every disaster, there has to be some constructive response. At Columbia the constructive response has been a call for university reform. I have spoken to no one who does not believe in its desirability, and I believe that the idea of reform commands an extraordinarily wide positive response in all bodies from trustees to students, although when we come to discussing particulars, we will surely differ sharply about them. Our foundation dates from the eighteenth century, and although we have made elaborate and ingenious improvisations upon it through the generations, we have never had a decisive, concerted moment of thorough and imaginative reconsideration of our procedures. Powers need to be redistributed. Some new organs of decision and communication need to be created. A greater participation of students in university decisions seems to me to be bound to come here and elsewhere. Some students call for student power—others shrink from the term because they have some sense of the arduous work, the sheer tedium, the high responsibilities that are always a part of administrative power. I would suggest that, except for certain areas in which student decision has proved workable, what students need and should have is influence, not power; but they also need formal channels to assure them that their influence is in fact effective.

About university reform certain guiding principles ought to be observed. Columbia has been a distinguished university these many decades because it has been doing *some* things right. Plans for the future should be based upon an evolution from existing structures and arrangements, not upon a utopian scheme for a perfect university. The business of reforming a university takes time, requires a certain willingness to experiment and to retreat from experiment when it does not work, and indeed a willingness not to undertake too many interlocking experiments all at once. As reform demands time, it demands peace of mind, the ability to exchange views and proposals in a calm and deliberative spirit. It cannot be carried out, although it can be begun, in a moment of crisis. It cannot be carried out under duress.

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What we need then is stability, peace, mutual confidence. The time will soon come when the first halting gestures toward conciliation can be multiplied and strengthened, when we can move more rapidly toward the reconstruction of the frame of trust.

Friends outside the university who know how serious is the damage we have suffered have asked me: How can Columbia go on after this terrible wound? I can only answer: How can it not go on? The question is not whether it will continue but in what form. Will it fall into a decline and become a third- or fourth-rate institution, will it be as distinguished as it has been for generations past, or will it somehow be made even more distinguished? Columbia is a great and—in the way Americans must reckon time—an ancient university. In this immense, rich country, we have only a limited number of institutions of comparable quality. We are living through a period in which the need for teaching and research—for the services a university performs and the things it stands for—is greater than it ever was before. What kind of a people would we be if we allowed this center of our culture and our hope to languish and fail? That is the question I must leave with you.

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Backs of Houses

ARTHUR FREEMAN

As the ramparts run behind them, and the tour
runs round the ramparts, nobody's backyard
is privy. As indeed the bright wet wash,
tricolored, flown in the troops' face, could clear
most citizens of keeping any guard
up: nothing secret, tricycles and trash,
the dormers wide—why, take us, take us all,
the shack, the empty church, the hospital
with its six mothers, three perhaps unwed,
the jockey in Sixteen in the wrong bed,
the stepchild beaten for the brother's crime
in Four, iniquity, neglect and blight.
What can one do? The ramparts run behind,
the tour runs round the ramparts day and night.
Twenty grows phlox, however, and rose trees.
Surrounded towns employ such strategies.

✪ ARTHUR FREEMAN writes that he is at present finishing a series of Elizabethan biographies, and will soon begin editing the plays of Thomas Kyd for the Oxford University Press. His study of Kyd was published last year. Mr. Freeman's most recent book of poems is *Estrangements*.

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Political and Ideological Trends of the Underdeveloped Nations

J. D. B. MILLER

I SHALL START with two cautionary points. The first is that the underdeveloped countries today are not characterized in any broad or significant sense by the kind of ideology typified by Frantz Fanon or Che Guevara, in spite of what the newspapers may say. It suits romantics and revolutionaries in the First and Second Worlds to say that romantic and revolutionary sentiments are uppermost in the Third, but that is not the case. If you range over the countries of Latin America, Africa and Asia, leaving aside China, North Vietnam and North Korea, and recognizing Cuba as an in-and-out case, you will find that very few have regimes that are either revolutionary or peasant-centered in any significant sense. Whatever their leaders may say on emotional occasions, the regimes are military-centered and bourgeois-centered, their main preoccupation being their own survival in office and the survival of their states as independent entities. There is a strong smell of officialism about the great majority of them, whether they are republics or monarchies, and whether their colonial traditions are British, French, Dutch, Belgian or American. Not the former Presidents Sukarno and Nkrumah, but the present officeholders, Suharto and Ankrah, are the symbols of the Third World as it stands at the moment. It is wrong to assume that the most spectacular

✪ J. D. B. MILLER, professor of international relations at the Australian National University, Canberra, was formerly professor of politics at the University of Leicester, England. He has also taught at Columbia University, the London School of Economics and the Indian School of International Studies. He is the author of *The Nature of Politics, The Politics of the Third World, Britain and the Old Dominions, Australia,* and *The Commonwealth in the World.* Mr. Miller gave this talk at the Convocation, "Toward the Year 2018: The Challenge to United States Foreign Policy," sponsored by the Foreign Policy Association in New York last May.

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Third World spokesmen are necessarily the most representative. It is a more sober and prosaic world than is usually suggested. True, it is capable of great violence and hysteria, as we have seen in states as far apart as Nigeria and Indonesia, India and the Congo. But when the headlines turn away from the latest episode of violence, the officials return to their desks; and the hunt for position and place, for such things as a better balance of payments and more scholarships overseas, continues to occupy the minds of those who possess any sort of power. This is the background against which any consideration of the political future of these countries, and of the ideas that characterize them, must be carried on. Their regimes are postcolonial and postindependence; they are involved at present in consolidation.

The second point is that we must constantly keep in mind the very great heterogeneity of the underdeveloped countries. It is polite and convenient to lump them together with that phrase, or as the Third World, but we should beware of assuming that this involves any unity of purpose or approach, except within certain fairly narrow limits. In attacking South African racialism at the United Nations, or in condemning the self-centered economic policies of the developed countries at the United Nations Conference on Trade and Development, the underdeveloped countries can stand together and sound united. But outside the range of issues of this sort, they are heterogeneous in the extreme. They have different religions, ethnic origins, languages and colonial backgrounds. They encompass a wide range of economic circumstances, from countries in which the worst Malthusian forebodings seem to be coming true to those that still have ample resources of land. Some of them can be got into regional categories for certain purposes, like the Arab states, but these categories are at the best ambiguous and at the worst the products of propaganda. A friend of mine describes the phrase "the Third World" as a mere ragbag of residuals. To a great extent this is true.

What I shall be doing here will be describing certain states of affairs that seem to crop up fairly widely among the underdeveloped countries, and that look to me as if they may prove dominant in a significant number of those countries, but not, of course, in

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all, since all are not subject to the same influences to the same extent.

The most important political aspect of the Third World as it stands is the urge toward what I shall call state nationalism, as distinct from linguistic or racial nationalism. This has both practical and ideological elements. It is the nationalism encouraged by the state machine that wishes to sustain itself. In most cases it develops out of that anticolonial nationalism that flourished before the transfer of power, but it is different in a variety of ways, since its emphasis is on construction and legitimacy, not on destruction and defiance. It places great emphasis on unity, and on state symbols such as the flag, the anthem, the armed forces, the head of state and the national boundaries, even when those are the product of the most arbitrary and opportunistic actions of nineteenth-century imperialism. It cultivates suspicion of foreigners, and blames them for whatever goes wrong; if they are local residents, like the unfortunate Chinese in Indonesia or the Indians in Kenya, they may be subjected to persecution in the name of the new nation. It is opposed to colonialism in its public statements, and gives primacy to the anticolonial cause in its foreign policy; but it is amenable to suggestions from foreign businessmen, and is anxious to secure arms from whoever will make them available most promptly and most cheaply. It stresses economic growth, which it often links with protectionism. It shows reluctance to enter larger groupings of states, unless it will be able to dominate the group, or the organization is so weak as to make anyone else's domination impossible. Give and take an element or two, state nationalism is common to all new states, and is also to be found in those older ones like Ethiopia and Iran, which are in similar economic and social circumstances. This sort of nationalism is strong and self-supporting. I do not see that is likely to change.

The second political trend is one that acts against the first, and to some extent causes the anxiety of state nationalists to build up the unity of their state. It is the pressure of tribal, racial, linguistic and religious influences toward division in a great many new states. Much of the past propaganda about the need for independence ignored or denied the plural elements within colonies, although

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these were well known to colonial administrators and to those cool-headed observers (such as W. K. Hancock and J. S. Furnivall) who tried to see what was actually going on. These elements have shown themselves to be strong in some states that have now been independent for two decades, such as India, Burma and Indonesia, and have had tragic effects in such newer states as Nigeria and the Sudan. They are not to be found everywhere, but they are sufficiently common to be a prime factor in any future Third World. They constitute a trend in the sense that much of the political thinking and many of the political ideas in Asian and African states are shaped, not by the need to preserve the state as such, but by the wish to protect the interests of groups which are either in or out of power and which can be identified by their differences in color, religion, language or tribal loyalties. The whole issue of legitimacy, which the regimes of new states strive to assert by using the resources of the state in propaganda, often hangs upon whether loyalty is primarily to a communal group.

The two trends that I have mentioned are contradictory. The opposition between them has helped to produce, in many countries, a third trend: that toward military-cum-official regimes, as distinct from those in which politicians are the effective decision-makers. State nationalism in itself is an encouragement to the military to take control; so many of the symbols of the sovereign state are expressly or implicitly military in character. But the tension that communal conflict produces is an even more effective urge toward control by people who stress "national" interests against the politicians. The military has in its hands the most effective forms of coercion. In a disturbed social and political situation, its opportunities are obvious. It is an odd general who does not let his mind dwell on them, and an even odder colonel. We can allow for considerable doubt about how permanent a military regime may prove to be, and yet recognize that it is a very easy regime to set up.

I have described this particular trend as toward military-cum-official regimes, and the official part needs as much emphasis as the military. All African and Asian states, even the most backward, show a rapid development of the urban bourgeoisie in business,

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in education and in government positions. To some extent this is a matter of the replacement of colonialist functionaries, but after that it is stimulated by the activities generated by the new sovereign state. Government is the biggest business in most new countries; high officials are the best paid and best educated people to be found. It is not difficult for a military regime to work with civil servants, so long as the generals are not too greedy. The time-honored system of Thailand, and the newer systems of Ghana, Pakistan, the Congo and Indonesia are examples of how groups of trained people, with their sights set on modernization and their purposes roughly similar, can govern countries without the intervention of politicians. Furthermore, the international influences that play upon the officers and officials give them something of an international attitude, at least toward technical matters that can be measured in terms of efficiency and written down in books of instruction. This international attitude, or coating of modernization, helps to keep the officers and officials well separated from the peasantry. In their increasingly urban surroundings they cooperate along lines that, even when benefiting the peasants, owe little to their ideas and attitudes. The influences that have made Gandhism by now a sort of curiosity in India are at work everywhere in the Third World; the trend is a secular one.

Along with these domestic political trends, there are certain trends in international politics that affect Third World countries and seem likely to continue. One is their natural concentration upon local and regional issues, their attention being largely confined to their neighbors and other countries in the vicinity. This attitude, typified by the Arab states' absorption in themselves and Israel, is seen throughout Africa in even clearer terms, and is notable in Asia also. Another trend, toward consistent espousal of anticolonialist doctrines at the United Nations and in other world forums, might seem to contradict this concentration upon local issues. In fact, it is not antagonistic but complementary. Large statements about anticolonialism and nonalignment are central to the rhetoric of nearly all Third World states, as nonaggression and collective security were to the rhetoric of European states in the 1920's and 30's. There is always a customary language in these

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things that suits particular states, or even, at times, the whole range of international discourse. It represents some, but not all, of their aims in foreign policy, but needs to be supplemented by attention to what they actually do. In the case of the Third World countries, anticolonialism and nonalignment are largely matters of propaganda; but they serve as a supplement to the demands of these states for economic assistance, they may sometimes mask a local territorial demand, they often divert attention from embarrassing happenings at home, and they provide a useful element in the Third World's bargaining with the First and Second Worlds. Like the concentration on what happens in nearby areas, this state of affairs in foreign policies may be expected to continue.

There is one final point that seems to me highly important if we are to try to throw our thoughts forward some decades: it concerns the inability of major powers to affect decisively the course taken by Third World countries. Here we need to make some adjustment to the crude notions of power that many of us have absorbed. It is still sometimes assumed that if a state has more weapons and greater industrial strength than another, it can make the other state do what it wishes. This is only rarely so. As major powers find themselves more and more beholden to both their allies and their enemies, the capacity for unilateral action is reduced. Britain and France could not make Egypt do what they wanted in 1956; the United States could not make Israel do what it wanted in 1967; the Soviet Union is in trouble with Romania and Czechoslovakia; in the most extreme case of all, the United States has not been willing to deploy its ultimate power to reduce North Vietnam to submission. This state of affairs derives to a large extent from the existence of nuclear weapons, but it is also affected by the disinclination of major powers in the latter half of the twentieth century to assume responsibility for direct administration of dissident states.

The relevance of this incapacity is for Third World countries fairly obvious. While they cannot make major powers do as they wish, they know, too, that the major powers are hampered in making them behave themselves. It is open to a major power to withdraw military economic aid, but this often causes more prob-

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lems than it solves, since there may be others ready to give the aid, and the new political situation that this readiness creates may be inimical to the interests of the major power that tried to exercise discipline in the first place. Third World states can, in such a situation, cultivate both rhetoric and secret arrangements, in reasonable confidence that they will not have to pay the price for either. They can at times—although not often—do some good for themselves by exercising a sort of "divide and rule" policy.

If the trends I have mentioned are taken together, the domestic ones suggest that the states of Asia, Africa and the Middle East will, for some time at least, look rather like Latin American states as these have been during most of this century. The international trends I have outlined will operate to encourage them in their local preoccupations and their international rhetoric, without their being disciplined by major powers.

Now, having stated these likely political trends, let me indicate the economic trends that might affect them, and thereby alter or confirm the political activities and ideas of the Third World countries. Perhaps your first thoughts are of their population problems, their literacy and health problems, and their urge toward industrialization. Undoubtedly in the next fifty years there will be improvements in population control, although I am not equipped to say how effective these will be in particular areas. We can, however, grant some success in limiting births and increasing food production in certain countries, even though we admit that improvements in death control, going along with these, will tend to reduce their impact. We can also assume that there will be greater literacy in all Third World countries. Education is still the most thriving section of the industry of government. We can also assume an urge toward industrialization, although this, as I shall suggest in a moment, will be subject to severe restrictions. The main point is that we can expect continued effort by Third World countries to solve their economic problems; continued planning; continued requests for technical assistance from abroad; continued international conferences about how to improve things; and so on.

But there are three aspects of the present situation that need to be set against these, since they may continue in greater or less

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degree. They are the low state of commodity prices, the continuing shortage of capital, and the low level of foreign aid. The combined effect of these, if they should continue, would be to restrict economic growth in Third World countries, to prevent their adopting new techniques on any large scale, and to cut the ground from under the feet of those who hope, through domestic governmental action, to improve standards of life. All three of the detrimental trends are serious. A country that is dependent on exports of tea or coffee or cotton or cocoa or rubber knows how badly its balance of payments is affected, how its taxable capacity is reduced and its power to save diminished by the failure of the world markets to lift the price. Shortage of capital for new industries is endemic in most African and Asian countries: it is attributable to low incomes, lack of incentive to save, lack of interest in productive investment, and lack of profitable opportunities for foreign investors. Foreign aid is not, as yet, a very significant element in actual investment in the new states, but neither is private international investment, if one excepts such special industries as oil and base metals. If the proposals of U.N.C.T.A.D. were accepted, one could postulate genuine economic growth in a good many Third World countries. But which of us is prepared to say that this will happen? It is more likely that the second set of influences that I have mentioned will operate to offset the first—that is, that even the best schemes for population control and local industrialization are likely to be offset by lack of national income, lack of investment, and lack of foreign aid. If this is so, then the urge toward education will lead to greater urban unemployment of the kind that is so familiar in India and is so apparent in the Arab states.

I suggest that the net influence of the economic trends I have listed may be to reinforce the dominant political trends I mentioned earlier: a combination of military-cum-official regimes and state nationalism, with a tight rein on local discipline wherever local conditions allow it. It would be foolish to postulate the advance of either parliamentary democracy or widespread affluence under the conditions that seem likely to occur. It is possible, of course, that the influence of poverty in new states, as the traditional controls of the colonial period become less effective, may be toward

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a form of modified local anarchy, as in some Latin American states now—that while the military-cum-official regime may strive toward conformity and control, its writ will not run very far and its own self-discipline will relax. Haiti may thus be the forerunner of a good many states, in Africa especially.

How will all this affect ideology? It seems to me that a typical ideology of a Third World state in the foreseeable future will have three interacting elements if it goes through the period of what I have called military-cum-official rule. First, it will lay considerable stress on discipline and on the military virtues, upon the worthiness of the local religion while it conforms to the wishes of the state, and upon the unique quality of the local regime as especially suited to local conditions. That is, it will have some of the features we were accustomed to in Mussolini's Italy and in prewar Japan, and which we see in the Greece of the colonels today and in President Nasser's Egypt. Second, it will, as it were, invite superstition to cohere around the persons and symbols of the regime. There is ample room for local differences in such a process; each country has its own mythology to which a local regime can be adapted. The place of Sukarno in Indonesia was especially notable in this respect. Of course, reception into the local mythology is no guarantee of permanence in office, as Sukarno and others have found; but it is fair to assume that, with continued emphasis on national symbols and unremitting use of the mass media to glorify the local leaders, superstition will grow—especially since one cannot expect literacy and skepticism to develop in equal measure. Third, the ideology of a typical Third World state might be expected to concentrate largely upon local matters to the exclusion of foreigners, and the exclusion with them of beliefs and attitudes that are cosmopolitan and intended to be worldwide in their application. One can make a distinction here between the urge to incorporate new forms of technology in the state's resources (all leaders like new toys) and the wish to exclude beliefs and attitudes that involve a conflict of loyalties. The resolute refusal of President Nasser and most African leaders to allow local Communist parties to develop—even when their own utterances are highly militant and their international dealings largely

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taken up with seeking help from Communist states—is an example of how exclusive one may expect locally centered Third World ideologies to be.

Two friends to whom I showed the first draft of this paper protested that, in suggesting such an ideology for my military-cum-official regime, I was assuming too much permanency in the colonels and was neglecting the possibility of violent change from below. It was also said that, although I allowed for an element of superstition, I had not given enough weight to the possibility of messianic movements akin, say, to the Cultural Revolution in China. I think these were necessary warnings. Colonels do find it hard to perpetuate their rule peacefully—although Latin American experience suggests that *coup d'état* may become an acceptable ritual with its own recognized conventions—and the pace of social change and the impact of the outside world upon new states are both much greater now than when the Latin American states learned their lessons in government. Moreover, China and, to a lesser extent, the Soviet Union both strive to encourage the overthrow of bourgeois regimes that do not follow an acceptable line in world politics. All of these influences may well lead to cases of virtual anarchy in certain countries, and there may even be instances—short-lived, I should expect—of peasant regimes of an idealistic kind.

My feeling is that, on present indications, I cannot see this kind of situation lasting anywhere for long. Armed forces possess the power of coercion. Even in countries that are broken up by local convulsions, military regimes can be set up by local warlords, as in prewar China and to some extent in postwar Indonesia. I should expect the capacity for coherence of military rule to continue in most Third World countries, even when the colonels have become hazy about the traditions of Sandhurst and St. Cyr. There will probably be more capacity for military coherence, at any rate, than for coherence of national political parties, which is the main alternative. Even admitting great room for difference, arising from that heterogeneity which I mentioned earlier, I still think the military-cum-official model may prove the most durable in most cases.

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So far I have assumed a world in which state boundaries and international alignments, or lack of them, are much as they are now. This assumption may quite well be falsified by events. The most obvious falsification would be through general or widespread war, which could throw the countries of the Third World into a melting pot. China, Indonesia and Egypt, on present form, might be expected to extend their possessions at their neighbors' expense, while smaller African states, especially in West and Central Africa, would go down before the assaults of nearby states with designs of their own. A great deal would depend, of course, upon the nature of the war, but I should not expect the United States, the Soviet Union or the ex-imperial powers of Europe to extend their territory at the expense of Third World states; rather, it would be a matter of cannibalism by those states themselves. One can, if one wishes, go right beyond most present speculation and postulate two or three world empires, each directly controlled by a superpower; George Orwell, after all, expected something like this in *1984*. But I should regard Third World cannibalism as a more likely outcome.

Any war such as I have postulated would greatly affect international alignments as we know them now. But a war may not be needed to do that. Instead, the continuation of present trends may render obsolete the very notion of a Third World, even in the truncated versions I am presenting. If the United States and the Soviet Union draw closer together, the original notion of Communist and anti-Communist worlds may become less plausible than it is now; upon their relations with China will depend whether it has any *universal* significance or not, as opposed to *domestic* significance for any given country or group of countries. The cohesion that some people tried to give the Third World in the name of nonalignment is now lacking, largely because there is so much less cohesion, on either side, about the idea of alignment. It is quite possible that, as time goes on, the old notion of client states clustered around a master, made so by its superior economic power, may replace that of a worldwide alignment; in the end we may find the United States and the Soviet Union conforming to the present example of France, so far as underdeveloped countries are con-

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cerned. In the Asian context, this example could well be followed by Japan.

To sum up, while admitting all the doubts and exceptions I have expressed, I think that nationalism will continue to be the keynote of the ideologies of individual states, with an effort to place heavy stress on order, discipline and the military virtues, corresponding to the interests of those in charge. In contrast, universalist ideologies (of which the only notable example on present showing is Communism) are likely to gather strength only in nationalist forms, and to grow more nationalist as they get closer to the levers of local power. Regional ideologies, which might be regarded as halfway houses between nationalist and universalist ideologies—that is, notions such as *négritude* and pan-Arabism—may flourish in cultural terms but are likely to wither at any point at which their demands conflict with the interests of national regimes. The influence of modern technology will be effective at certain levels (we may expect, for example, that Third World states will in future adopt certain devices as demonstrations of national prestige, as now they insist on having their own airlines), but is less likely to penetrate far enough down to affect basic loyalties and beliefs. It will, however, undoubtedly continue to have its present effect of consolidating something of a general "international" standpoint among leading officers, officials, technicians and politicians of the Afro-Asian states, whereby they seek much the same pleasures, use much the same Swiss banks, wear much the same clothes, stay at much the same hotels, and hold much the same views on economic growth. There will, however, be ample room for the preservation of local attitudes and customs, which may, as I have suggested, gain extra prestige through the honor that the state pays to national symbols, and may degenerate into shoddy local messianism. Until there is massive improvement in Afro-Asian economic conditions, I should expect ideas, together with the governments that nourish them, to remain in straitjackets constructed on broadly similar principles but each to a local design.

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Whose Strengths, Whose Weaknesses

ROBERT COLES

THEY WOULD BE SITTING OR STANDING THERE in front of the cabin, or peering at me from the inside; and I would start slowing myself down. I always needed the extra seconds that a few more steps provide. I would hold my head bowed or pretend to notice something up there in the sky, or over toward the plantation proper. That way their eyes and mine didn't connect, and I didn't have to smile and start saying hello before they could really hear me. That way I could get my mind set for the purpose of my visit, the discovery of certain things, the unearthing of information I thought I ought to possess.

In the beginning ritual masked fear on both sides. I noticed how quiet they all were. My car's noise was a signal to them. They usually heard the car before they saw it because of a sudden turn in the road that made us visible to one another only at the very end of a milelong unpaved, dusty road. By the time I was in sight they had taken up their positions. They seemed rooted. They never looked at me. Or rather, they looked at me when I would not notice. At times I thought them wooden, impassive—and, of course, frightened. When the day came that *I* was not so frightened, their eyes caught mine. I remember being close to grateful that I had someone else's nervousness to observe. Fear has power; power seeks to affirm itself by exertion. And so the edgy, responsive dark irises and white eyeballs belied the calm, the silence. I looked on feet crossed, making still circles out of many legs, and knees crossed, enabling worn, mud-caked shoes to point, but not move an inch. Hungry for the truth, I found it in movement. The eyes

✪ "Whose Strengths, Whose Weaknesses" by ROBERT COLES, delivered in part as the Commencement Address at Haverford College in May, 1968, will be included in Volume II of *Children of Crisis,* to be subtitled "Migrants, Sharecroppers and Mountaineers." Dr. Coles is a child psychiatrist, and research psychiatrist on the staff of the Harvard University Health Services. He is a member of the Editorial Board of the SCHOLAR.

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did, after all, move and the eyes, my mother told me, were the "windows of the soul." What is more, I thought (or had to think) I saw dilated pupils, which every doctor knows to be a telltale sign that all is not well inside, below, underneath, wherever. (And haven't we learned in this century that any worthwhile truth has to be buried, concealed, and apparent only to the well-trained, in contrast to the well-educated or the desperately or necessarily or naturally sensitive?)

I now realize that my movements and postures underwent the same careful scrutiny that theirs did. Five years later we could reminisce: "I don't believe we knew what you were after. I thought maybe you was here to spy on us, or to sell something. But my sister, she said there was nothing around here to spy, that they didn't already know, the bossman and all. And we don't have the money to buy nothing, so no one could be wasting his time every week for that, to sell. Well, we thought there was no harm just waiting to see. Before long you find out everything you ask about —that's what my daddy used to tell me, and he's right.

"Now, with you we figured you was too slow to be with the sheriff, and not sure of yourself, not enough. And my little boy, James it was, he said, 'Mama, the man doesn't always know what to say.' I think maybe that was the first time any of us, we'd seen a man in a suit be shy—I mean be shy himself and be shy with words, too. Then, when you switched to regular clothes, the summer pants, and no more of the tie and like that, well then we decided you might be from up there in Washington, and the government. You know, they're trying to be for us, on our side. I tried to tell people you are a doctor with a college, but they said doctors don't go around the country sitting and talking here and there.

"No, I can't say I ever have been to a doctor's office. They ask you to pay first, and we can't, not first or later. So, it's just as well. They'd give us medicine, if they agreed to see us, and then the next thing you knew there'd be the sheriff here, and we'd be hauled off to jail for not paying the doctor's bill."

But before we came to that kind of mutual confession—in which I replied in kind, about my thoughts about their thoughts, and finally, about my thoughts period—there had to be one long stretch of coming and going, of sly and bewildered talk, of muscles

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relaxed a bit, quickly tightened up, then once again allowed to slacken, now for a little more time. They began to realize that I was in fact an oddball—who belonged to no recognizable part of their world. And after much too long a period of time I began to realize—an important first step—that they were not the helpless, pitiable objects of study I have to admit I predominantly felt them to be. Oh, it was never necessary to be that blunt. Instead of calling them the wretched of the Southern earth, I could lash out at the South itself: the region's blacks are terribly poor people; they are mercilessly exploited by the individual bossmen, often "managers" or "foremen" who do the rough and tough work, the squeezing dry of lazy bodies, the extraction of ergs from machines that are running at a caloric loss. (But aren't millions of people in other countries and continents even worse off?) And finally, they are badly educated people, barely literate or for all practical purposes illiterate.

All that is true, I thought to myself in the beginning, but someone has to be hardheaded enough to document what oppression does to its victims, how degraded they actually become. Cannot relentless psychological scrutiny turn into the sharpest kind of social criticism? Romantics may speak of a "culture" that peasants have, or include them in some "agrarian tradition"; but I came to them armed with both Marx and Freud, and so in a way any desire to cover up their "condition" and my account of it with soft, understated, merely allusive or (worst of all) ambiguous language was doubly suspect. I knew to ask myself whether I was beholden to the "power structure"—perhaps one I simply don't care to recognize myself, let alone acknowledge to others. I knew to ask myself whether sharecroppers, simple sharecroppers, vulnerable sharecroppers, made me feel scared and to blame for something. And of course I knew that we are all afraid; we all feel at fault; everyone has "work" to do, fears and guilts to understand and "resolve."

So, it is better to be blunt, I decided as I started visiting them. They are "deprived" and "disadvantaged" and all the rest. They need "higher horizons." They should go North. They need "enrichment programs." They are eligible for every "title" in every federal law; and they need more laws with more "titles." *Headstart*

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is only a beginning. *Leap* is a drop in the bucket. *Upward Bound* is not "relevant," not to people so badly off, so out of things, so firmly, almost intractably part of—what is it called?—the *lumpen-proletariat*. The only things that will help them, change them, make them part of America, are "massive programs," a "frontal assault" on their poverty, a "basic restructuring" of our society, a "planned attack" on—well, everything "socioeconomic" and "psychosocial" and "sociocultural" that amounts to their very bad lot.

And here are some of the things I found—in one family from the Mississippi Delta—that go to make up that bad lot. The cabin has no heat, no running water, although three miles away there is a faucet and "all the water you can tote." (Not every family in the "area" is that lucky.) And the children, the seven children: none was born in hospitals; none was delivered by doctors; none has ever seen physicians; none has taken vitamin "supplements" as infants or vitamin pills as children; none is without evidence of illness; and none has any clothes that can be called his, his alone.

"The children, they're the most trouble when they're by themselves. Most of the time they're together, though. And then I know it's okay." They are indeed together. They sleep together: four in one bed, three in another, all in one room. The other room belongs to their parents, and also serves as the kitchen—and living room and dining room. They share not only space and time but clothes and plates and forks. There are three pairs of shoes to go around, so only certain children can fight their way into them, or fight to fill them up—and then go to church, or, yes, to school. (And, naturally, it is the absence from school that bothers us secular, twentieth-century Americans, for whom education is sacred, a way to virtually everything, at least on this earth.) As for the children in that cabin, church wins over school hands down. They fight to go with their parents on Sunday, "to walk with them" as one boy put it, and to sit there and see and hear "everyone get to talking, and have a real good time." Those who stay at home are sad, but they turn happy on Monday if spared school because they still don't have those shoes, or because they feel tired and sick, or because they have to mind the younger ones and help around

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the house—which means in the fields or around "the place." (It is no mansion. It has no columns, not even a magnolia tree. It is a substantial house, nondescript in style, painted white with green shutters and a green door.)

I don't know what the United States Census Bureau did with the information they obtained from the parents of those seven children. (Such families are sometimes overlooked and not counted at all.) Are they classified sharecroppers or tenant farmers or field hands or employees or retainers or servants or just plain slaves? Are they listed as educated up to this grade or that one? Are they called citizens of this country, or aliens? The questions, the questions you and I answer every decade, can be very embarrassing, although not to "us." They weren't the questions I first had in mind when I started my "study," and they may seem a bit simple-minded to serious social scientists. But they are questions that I rather think no psychoanalytic study of sharecroppers ("in depth," of course) can quite afford to ignore.

"No sir, I can't say I've ever voted," said the father one day when I got around to that issue. "Yes sir, I think I know what you mean. [He knew damn well what I meant.] They have the law now, that says we can go vote. Some are trying it, and some aren't. I'm afraid I haven't got around to it, yet. But I hope to, before I die I hope to. Right now I guess I've got some other things to do."

Well, what other things? (Those are the good moments, when the observer is practically invited to ask something.) "I don't know —things like where to live, you know. We're thinking of going North. My sister is up there, in Chicago, and she keeps telling us to leave. But we're afraid to. They don't need a lot of us here, but I hear they don't need us there, either. We don't know what to do. We work on the crops part of the time, but the machines do more and more. There's some cotton they can't get, and there's the cattle and a few vegetables we have. I've got the chores to do. And my wife helps out in The House."

His father "worked on shares." Put differently, his father produced cotton and gave it over to the present bossman's father, and in return they continued to live side by side, the sharecropper and the bossman—on the latter's land. The bossman gave the sharecropper a few hundred dollars to spend during the course

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of the year, and The House sent over some food and some outgrown and secondhand clothes. The man I know grew up and became a field hand. There was no point getting credit for seed and tools and living quarters and food, and then working the land and receiving a share of the crop's value, minus charges for all the credit advances, including the money required for drainage, for irrigation, for fencing: "The bossman, he came and told me that with my daddy it was one thing, but times are changing, and a lot of the sharecroppers, they're not needed, and he was switching. I could work for him and in return I could live in the house and he would make sure that I never starve to death. And even with the machines coming, we could stay, because my wife is such a good help and especially her cooking."

His wife's cooking: until then I thought I knew everything about her cooking. In the morning she makes breakfast. She fries up some grits and they are washed down with either a coke or some coffee. There is no such thing as lunch. The children have another coke, and some very cheap candy like licorice or sugarcoated gum, which they chew and chew, and chew dry, and take out of their mouths and stretch and tear into fragments and laugh over and play with and stick upon one another. The parents also have another coke and some candy, which they eat with greater reserve. Supper is the main meal. It is served early, about half past four or five, and includes without exception fried potatoes and more grits and greens; and bread with peanut butter sometimes, and fatback sometimes. Every once in a while a stew appears, made of potatoes and gravy and pork. Even more unusual is a soup, the product of boiled bones and potatoes and greens. For dessert there is another coke, and maybe more candy.

I asked about cooking and I heard this: "We have practically no money, so it's hard to get by. We grow a little, but we haven't much land to do it on, and the bossman wouldn't want us spending too much time on that. My kids grow some flowers, the zinnias. You can't eat zinnias, I know it, but you can like them—just like you can rest beside a sunflower. We get our greens from the yard, and some tomatoes, though they don't last long. We don't have the money to buy the foodstamps. We get the commodities, and that's how we live. We'd be dead right now without the lard and flour

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they give, the government. Yes sir, everyone of us would be dead. I try to fill my kids' stomachs up as best I can. I figure if they doesn't hurt them too much, their stomachs, well then, that's good. They gets their energy from the candy and the coke. They take a drink and bite on the licorice, and I know they've got their sugar in them and can keep going."

But her husband was talking about the cooking she did for the bossman. I asked her about that and she told me: "Oh, yes. I've been helping her out for years. I go up there and do what she tells me. I don't plan anything. She always says to me: 'Ruth, I've planned today's menus out.' Then she lists what I've got to do and I go ahead and get to work there."

She gets to work in a spacious, well-equipped kitchen. The sink is stainless steel. The stove is an electric range. The refrigerator is huge, and next to it stands a freezer, and next to *it* stands a washing machine and then a dishwasher. ("I do the dishes and some laundry, too.") Obviously, she has a few minutes to relax, because there is a small television set on one counter—and also a waffle iron, and a toaster, and a mixer for "working up" cakes, and an electric knife sharpener, which also takes care of pencils. I never would have seen all those electrically run gadgets had I not decided to compare her place of work with her place of residence. I knew her bossman well, and, in fact, once heard him say this about Ruth: "She's a fine woman, and so is her husband a fine man. They do an honest day's work, and we'll never let them go without a roof over their heads. I'm going to build them a new place, as a matter of fact. We're letting a lot go, though a lot of them don't want to. I tell them they may as well go North. We can't use them here. One by one they slip away; but you know, we have quite a few still here, right on our land. Eventually I suppose we'll only have maybe five families left here. Imagine that! It's hard for me to believe, after all these years with about a hundred or more. But I sure hope Ruth never leaves. I told my wife I think we'd near starve to death. She's the best cook in this county, easily."

I discovered what he meant. I had lunch with him and his wife. I had a big lunch, that started with a glass of tomato juice and a neatly cut piece of lemon. Then Ruth served us hot diced chicken and rice with raisins mixed in and peas and chutney on

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the side. And finally we had deep-dish apple pie and ice cream and coffee. It was all tasty, all neatly and attractively presented. The rice was fluffy and warm and covered with butter and seasoned just right. The chicken was cut perfectly, not too small and not too large. The peas were not overcooked; they were fresh, not frozen or canned, and like the rice, delicately salted. The pie had a light crust, and inside were warm tart apples, neither too syrupy nor dry. I was afraid I was going to be told that the ice cream was homemade, but no, it was store-bought: "It used to be we'd make our ice cream here, when I was a child. But you know it's too easy to buy it, and I think Ruth has enough to do as it is." I had commented on how good the ice cream was, and on how good the ice cream was at a nearby (and larger) plantation, where it was a bit ostentatiously, if generously, handed over with the hostess' advice from across the table that "Mary-Jean makes it, fresh every day." Ruth's mistress had been there many times—and clearly regretted the unfavorable comparison that I suppose I had unwittingly made.

When I left the house my stomach was filled with Ruth's food, and my mind was finally brought up short, the way it should have been months before. I kept on thinking of Ruth and that kitchen and of all the Ruths in America. I was there in that county to "study" her and her family, to get to know how they *really* live and think and feel. I had spent months visiting them and being observed by them and taking stock of all sorts of things they said and did. I was really rather proud of myself; and I was ashamed, too. I had made the effort to reach Ruth's family; and in so doing found out once again how awful their kind of American experience is—in contrast, say, to mine.

But guilt masks many things, one of which is pride. The guilt I easily knew about was the kind I easily notice in both myself and in patients. We have so much; others have so little. We feel ashamed of ourselves because we know the inadequacy of whatever good deeds we have done, whatever goodwill we feel. The guilt I began to feel for the first time after that lunch was something else, though; it had to do with the recognition of a willful kind of ignorance and blindness—mine. For a long time I had known that Ruth worked for the bossman's wife—cooked and cleaned and

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dusted for her, looked after her clothes and her dishes and her bedroom and bathroom. I knew all that, but I never really allowed myself to go any further; in fact, to bridge the two worlds that Ruth did every day. It was all right, of course, for *me* to bridge those two worlds; but Ruth in my mind had to be a sharecropper's wife, pure and simple. (And don't thousands of them work in those big houses in one capacity or another?)

Perhaps—to be generous to myself—I was merely a pedantic, unimaginative, anxious "investigator," who was slightly overwhelmed by all he was meeting up with. The search for order and clarity can often help a case of the nerves, can help a person come to terms with his worries and fears as well as his "methodology." Somehow a confusing, ambiguous, irony-filled world becomes a little more manageable when this man is distinguished from that one; and if they both can be placed on a graph or two and made part of a few percentages and made to possess a few "attitudes" and "beliefs" and "habits" and "problems"—well then, all the better. Ruth and her mistress live worlds apart on that plantation. I was busy finding out precisely how far apart; and every liberal bone in my body, I assure you, was full of the proper mixture of outrage and pity and sadness. In my cool, farsighted, evenhanded moments I felt sorry not only for Ruth but for her mistress, a kind, soft-spoken woman who speaks ill of no one and at moments can challenge my stereotypes as significantly as Ruth eventually did: "I have a lot of respect for Ruth, and you know we have many like her in Mississippi. She is a good person, and we have never had cause to complain about her. I never made this world, but I'll admit there are times when I say to myself that there but for the grace of God go I. What I mean is that I do believe Ruth has the same intelligence we do, and if things were different—well, I think she could be, well, I think she could be just like me, more or less. She could run the house, I'm sure, and plan things and make sure everything goes according to schedule."

When I heard that, I was in danger of being a very smug listener. I felt like getting up and screaming at the polite and honorably frank speaker. I felt like telling her that Ruth already was running her house, that without Ruth the house would be messy and disorganized, and its occupants would find mealtimes a

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lot less pleasant. But I was really agitated because I was hearing from someone else a very familiar kind of condescension, one that I fear is all too much the property of people like me rather than of Southern white ladies who "favored" Barry Goldwater and refer to themselves as "of conservative disposition." Neither she nor I—although I have to say, she at least a little better than I—seemed able to talk about the extent of Ruth's social and cultural achievement. Yes, we know that she is a good cook; and her mistress *senses* (and perhaps does not dare let her mind become more explicit) that without such "nigra help" life would be far different; and all along I knew, prided myself on knowing, that Ruth is a fine, hardworking, reliable person who is exploited and only appreciated in ways that don't cost a cent. But in the last analysis (the commendably unsparing one) I had to conclude that Ruth lacked dignity, even as her mistress knows that Ruth is only potentially capable of being dignified. And, needless to say, I had set out to study the consequences of the indignity America has visited upon people like Ruth: what happens to a woman who is stripped of her legal rights, her rights as a citizen, and kept socially apart as well as miserably poor.

I think it was the array of electric appliances in the kitchen that first made me stop and think and realize how much had been escaping my notice. Ruth was the master of all those machines. She was a gracious hostess, who served fine meals. She knew better than I where on the table a lot of those extra forks or spoons go. She knew her spices. She knew how to take care of the finest, most expensive clothes. She knew which plants needed a lot of water, which very little. She knew how to care for flowers. I remember my mind latching on to that last fact. I remember deciding to ask Ruth about those flowers: "Well, she likes her flowers. She grows a lot of them, and there will be times when she has to send for them, from the store, you know. I fix them up. I know which vases to use for which flowers, and how she likes them. She used to say 'good'; but now she just expects it, I guess—that I'll do right. You see what I mean?"

Of course I hadn't been seeing; that is the point. I had been figuring out how Ruth lives, and how her mind deals with "reality" and what psychological "defenses" she used. I had been developing

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a very clear idea of the hardships she faces every day, and even the stubborn persistence she possesses. I had declared her in my mind a desperate but inventive woman who somehow, beyond all explanation, endured. I was not so sure that she would, as Faulkner predicted, prevail; but I was prepared to say it was possible. I had at least shaken off the simpleminded view that the poor and even persecuted people are *only* hurt, sad, beaten down in spirit, deracinated, and branded with the unforgettable "mark of oppression." I was not going to become a "romantic" about Ruth and her family, but I would no longer be a slobbering, so-called reformer who needs the people whose cause he espouses to be as down-and-out, wretched and shattered as possible. Life is hard and even brutal for Ruth, and to survive has cost her a lot. But she is shrewd and ingenious, I had gradually persuaded myself; in the words of contemporary psychoanalysis, her mind has learned to be "adaptive"—and so has her overworked, tired body.

For all that generosity, for all the evolution my mind had been going through before I ate Ruth's lunch in her mistress' home, I had failed miserably to realize that Ruth is a *cultured lady*, a woman who knows her cuisine and her horticulture. Her manners are impeccable; her sense of timing in polite company faultless. She knows what people want and need and deserve and she gives it all to them. She is intuitive and sensitive. Her sensibilities are refined; and she even is at ease with our reigning technology. Her hands deal with the racks of the dishwasher, the shelves of the freezer, the clocks and pointers of the stove—and that pencil sharpener. ("The mister, he taught me how, and now missus gives me the pencils every once in a while, from all over the house. She says the noise of the machine gets to her; it makes her nervous. So she has to leave the room before I start.")

I am not saying that suddenly my mind came to its senses and fought its way to a more accurate and honorable picture of Ruth and her family. But over time, starting with that lunch, I did come to see more and more of Ruth's life, and the more I saw the harder put I was to fit her into convenient categories I had brought with me when I first met her. She is still poor. She is still disenfranchised. She continues to speak ungrammatical English, and so I have to edit her remarks. To this day she needs a doctor, a lawyer,

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a teacher—as do her children and her husband. She has no more money now than she ever did. And *she* would like a different life —so who am I to wax ecstatic over the countryside of the lovely Delta, the trees and flowers near her cabin, the rich, productive land, the mighty and almost mythic river that she can see by taking a good long walk for herself. Yet, who am I to do something else, deny her life its achievements and its ironies and its ambiguities, refuse her mind the sense of style and the subtlety it surely demonstrates all the time?

At times I am pleased with my own ability to leave Cambridge, Massachusetts, and somehow come to a reasonably strong and valuable "relationship" with a family like Ruth's. I am not so pleased, however, when I remind myself how long it took me as an anthropologist or psychiatrist or whatever, to recognize *Ruth's* experience and competence. She, too, goes back and forth between two worlds; every day she does. She, too, watches others and tries to help them out. She, too, takes away burdens from people and makes them feel less harried, less at the mercy of this and that. Like a "trained mental health professional" (as they rather ponderously call themselves), she adjusts herself to the lives, the problems, the needs of others. She doesn't get "overinvolved," though. When she and they part company, she knows how to go back to her own life and live it. If she has any "fantasies" about life over there in The House, she controls them, buries them or, more likely, lets them quietly come and quickly go. ("Oh, every once in a while I ask myself why God did things the way he did, and made me me and her her; but pretty soon there's the next thing I have to tend to.") Ignorant and barely literate, she is sophisticated and worldly; and as the bossmen in my profession say about precious few of us, she has "very good ego-defenses." She has taught me a lot I rather expected to find out; but most of all she has taught me about the weaknesses in my way of thinking that prevented her various strengths from being immediately and properly obvious to me. The arrogant man wants to make his world the whole world. He pushes himself ahead of anyone in sight and blinds himself to all sorts of things that he might see in others. When he is safely up front he may mellow, and here or there grant a few favors; but without prodding, I fear, only a few.

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The American Scholar and American Foreign Policy

JOHN HOPE FRANKLIN

THERE CAN HARDLY BE a quarrel with the view that those of us who regard ourselves as scholars also view ourselves as central figures in all efforts to strengthen the intellectual life of the country. We are together in our deep commitment to the pursuit of truth and the illumination of the dark corners of ignorance. We are together, I believe, in our view that knowledge is power and that it has an effective role to play in the improvement of society. To be sure, we may have different views regarding the uses of knowledge or the manner in which it should be applied. Some of us are more action-oriented than others. Some of us are more content than others to let knowledge speak for itself or to let it be used as they see fit by those who had no hand in discovering it. These differences are not irreconcilable, nor do they create an impasse that produces a fruitless stalemate. They merely represent differences in temperament, philosophy and approach. They can be debated and they are debated in the calm of the seminar room, the library, or the laboratory.

The differences concerning the role of the American scholar in the affairs of the world and particularly as a representative of American learning abroad are somewhat more substantial and more difficult of resolution. Representation of American scholarship abroad is no new or recent phenomenon. Jefferson and Franklin are merely the two best known eighteenth-century Americans

This article by JOHN HOPE FRANKLIN is an adaptation of his address as president of the American Studies Association in Kansas City, Missouri, last fall. Mr. Franklin is chairman of the department of history at the University of Chicago and author of *From Slavery to Freedom: A History of American Negroes* and *The Militant South.*

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who shared the fruits of their scholarship with the learned men of Europe. In the nineteenth century Americans went abroad not only to study but to inform. Men like George Sylvester Morris and George Herbert Palmer were primarily students of European thought; but in the years that followed their periods of study they assumed the role of teachers in Europe through their writings and their lectures before European audiences. When Emerson lectured in England in 1847, he was already famous there, and his success is attested to by a return engagement the following year. At the end of the nineteenth century Josiah Royce delivered the Gifford Lectures at Aberdeen. If Emerson's 1837 Phi Beta Kappa address on the American scholar was the declaration of American intellectual independence, the Royce lectures at Aberdeen in 1899 were a clear indication of American intellectual maturity.

The present century has witnessed a noticeable quickening of American cultural and intellectual involvement with the rest of the world. In 1899 Charles Beard, who later would have most serious doubts about many aspects of American involvement abroad, helped to found Ruskin Hall at Oxford; and when the century opened he was teaching in England and Wales. During these years the popularity of William James soared, and hundreds sat at his feet when he lectured at Edinburgh and Oxford in 1902 and 1908 respectively. Meanwhile, Americans by the hundreds began to go to China and other faraway places to promote learning at every level. And, as Merle Curti has pointed out in his *Prelude to Point Four,* long before the Truman program was launched, many highly trained Americans were sharing their scientific knowledge and technical skills with those in other parts of the world.

There can be no doubt that those Americans who became a part of the international intellectual community had widely differing views about their country and its foreign policy. Beard was seldom, if ever, in agreement with American foreign policy, but that did not prevent his teaching in England in 1900 and, from time to time in later years, his traveling to places as far apart as Japan and Yugoslavia to consult and advise on municipal

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reform. Some of the early Harmsworth Professors of American History at Oxford in the 1920's did not share the isolationist stance of the United States government, but they plied their trade, secure in the belief that their role in the world of learning could be one thing while the role of their government in the world of nations could be quite another.

One of the assets that the early American intellectual ambassadors enjoyed was that their missions abroad were entirely independent of government sponsorship or even of interest. This is not to say that the American government had no interest in using American scholars abroad. Competent manpower was too short in the post-Jackson years to overlook the historians George Bancroft, who became United States Minister to Great Britain, and John L. Motley, who served as Secretary of the U.S. Legation at St. Petersburg. From time to time in subsequent years American men of letters would officially represent their country abroad. But those who studied or taught in various parts of the world had no involvement with their government or its policy in the country in which they happened to be. There was no sense of pressure, real or otherwise, to conform to or defend their country's policies.

During the late New Deal days the United States government itself at last became interested in American scholarly representation abroad. Already it was lagging behind the French government, which for many decades had been in the business of promoting educational and cultural activities abroad, and, among others, the British, which had established its educational and cultural arm, the British Council, in 1934. When the Interdepartmental Committee on Cooperation with the American Republics was established in 1938 it looked toward the exchange of persons for education and training in numerous fields. Soon the Division of Cultural Relations, which was established in the Department of State, assumed general responsibility for promoting educational and cultural exchange with other nations. After World War II Senator J. W. Fulbright promoted the extensive enlargement of this area of activity by securing the passage of a bill that underwrote a worldwide program for the exchange of

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teachers, students, lecturers and researchers. From that day forward the government of the United States was committed to the most ambitious program of international educational and cultural relations that the world has ever known. The dramatic story of the enlargement of the world of scholarly endeavor for thousands of American professors and students during the last twenty years is too well known to recount here. It is enough to say that it has brought to the world a new appreciation of the importance of American scholarship and a new sense of involvement on the part of American scholars in the world community.

But this enlarged interest on the part of the United States government and the use of public funds to finance teaching and study abroad have raised among many scholars some serious questions and doubts regarding their role. From the beginning some have been wary of government support, even when they had no serious question to raise regarding the government's foreign policy. They feared the heavy hand of the government and, consequently, declined to seek its support lest some unarticulated *quid pro quo* was involved. In recent years, as the national debate over the nation's foreign policy has become more intense, some who heretofore had no objection to receiving support for foreign study and teaching have had second thoughts and entertained grave doubts about the entire operation. They have contended that American scholars abroad who held grants from the United States government are, in fact, representatives of the United States and, as such, should not participate in the program, including service on screening committees to nominate grantees, if they cannot support current American foreign policy.

It would, of course, be a most happy situation if the United States government pursued a foreign policy with which all American scholars could agree. That, most of us will agree, is highly unlikely. And even if that were the case, it would not follow that American scholars with government grants for research and lecturing abroad should rush out and promulgate that foreign policy. This government has its own machinery for the promulgation and implementation of its foreign policy and, happily, American scholars abroad are not and should not be a part of it. Most gov-

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ernment sponsored programs abroad are binational in character and operation. Indeed, many of them are even binational in support. And the grants to Americans are actually made not by the United States but by the host country. It would, therefore, be a bit unseemly if, say, an American Fulbright professor in Germany regarded himself as an agent of United States foreign policy in a program in which the government of Germany pays eighty percent of the cost!

Not all American scholars who criticize American foreign policy express their feelings by declining to participate. A few have accepted government grants and then have declined to pay that portion of their taxes that, by their estimate, is used in the military operation in Southeast Asia. The theory of taxation, even when subjected to analysis by the most erudite American scholars, surely does not concede such divisibility of taxes. If it did, a citizen could refuse to pay that portion of his taxes that was to be used to build a park that he did not care to use or to collect garbage when he had his own electric disposal. I suspect that such a stance places the American scholar in a position unworthy of him.

There are others, moreover, who have been the recipients of foreign scholarships and while abroad have proceeded to express their disagreement with American foreign policy in a variety of ways. Some have committed obscenities against the American flag, thereby defaming not merely the symbols of their country but the intellectual community of which they are a part. Still others have counseled their host country to denounce the United States, thereby boldly presuming that the statesmen of their host country were not wise enough to formulate their *own* foreign policy.

This is not to say that American scholars abroad should not express their personal views, however critical, of American foreign policy. The very essence of the life of the mind is the freedom to inquire, to examine and to criticize. But that freedom has the same restraints abroad that it has at home: to state one's position, if impelled by personal conviction, with clarity, reason and sobriety, always mindful of the point that the scholar recognizes

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and tolerates different views that others may hold and that his view is independent, not official.

It is, indeed, difficult to visualize the circumstances in which American scholars could not or should not make an independent judgment of policy. And if that judgment is adversely critical, it does not follow that American scholars should withdraw from the international intellectual community because they do not agree with it. To do so would confirm the suspicion that American scholarship has no real independence and would, indeed, encourage the government to assume that it can have some influence in an area where it has no right to make such an assumption.

It seems to me that one must reject the notion, from whatever line of reasoning it stems, that American public support of academic pursuits is an arm of American foreign policy that can compromise the independence of American scholarship. For followed to its logical conclusion, it could destroy all American participation in the international intellectual community. It would, of course, mean that American scholars should go abroad with government or binational support only when they feel that they can support American foreign policy. It could mean that American scholars who happen to be Republicans should not accept grants from a Democratic administration; for whoever heard of a Republican, except for a misguided "hawk" here and there, who could approve of a Democratic foreign policy. It could mean that since the United States government is always interested in showing its most favorable side, American studies professors who are critical of America's past and present should remain at home. It could even mean that if one disapproves of some domestic policy of the government, such as the persistence of racial discrimination in federal employment, he should take no government grants for foreign research or teaching lest it be interpreted as approbation.

I would be surprised, even alarmed, if American scholars were pleased with all aspects of American foreign and domestic policy. If that were so, our government would have lost one of its most important means for continued improvement, namely, the searching and constructive criticism of the American academic

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community. I would be appalled if that academic community, critical and even unhappy over American foreign policy in Southeast Asia or in South Africa or the Middle East or Europe, reached the conclusion that it should have no contact with its counterpart in other lands. This would result in the elimination of an important link among the men and women of the world, a link that has been, through the ages, more durable than foreign offices or even than governments themselves. We know that the academic communities of some countries do not enjoy full intellectual independence. When they do not, it should not be the occasion for us to withdraw merely because they are not as free as we would want them to be.

A few years ago, when I was attending the International Congress of Historical Sciences at Stockholm, the chairman of the delegation of Soviet historians approached an American historian and inquired the name of the chairman of the United States delegation. There was no chairman and no U.S. delegation, as such. There were, of course, many Americans in attendance. Some were on vacation in Europe and just dropped by to see what was going on. Some were Fulbright professors or researchers, and enjoyed the opportunity to attend since they were already abroad. Others went directly from the United States to read papers or to represent their own learned societies. They were wholly unorganized, and no American could possibly know what other Americans were in attendance. It was difficult, if not impossible, for the Soviet delegation to understand the reply that there was no American delegation and surely no chairman. It was nevertheless a rewarding encounter that hopefully brought the historians of the two countries a bit closer together. There were no miracles; and no one expected any. The Americans present—even those on government-sponsored grants—represented their professions, *not* their country. And happily they were wise enough to see their role clearly.

Last year it was my privilege to visit several countries of the Near East and South Asia. In some of these countries the feeling against the United States ran high. In some cases it appeared to me that no great premium was placed on maintaining full dip-

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lomatic relations with the United States. Even where the antipathy against the United States was unmistakable, the warm and friendly attitude toward the scholarly community of the United States was clear. It would be naïve to suggest that the American scholar can be an effective substitute for the regular channels of diplomatic relations; but it would be equally unrealistic not to recognize the effective role that the American scholar can play in maintaining in his own area of interest a sane dialogue between the scholars of his country and those of other countries of the world.

This points up, it seems to me, the desirability of the American scholar's being quite certain that his role in the international intellectual community is different from the foreign policy that his country might pursue. Without becoming alienated from his country's interests, he must recognize that his intellectual interests and commitments are, in the long run, a complement to peace and, consequently, to the well-being of his country. For the international intellectual community, of which he must be a part, is just as viable and, indeed, more real than it was in the days of Thomas Jefferson or George Bancroft or William James. It transcends national boundaries, and it rises above the foreign policy of nations. It can be as closely knit as the interests and problems of its members permit it to be; and it can survive international political tensions, cold wars, and even military operations. It can keep the hope of peace alive in a world where political crises and international competition cast a pall; and it can overcome the narrow, myopic view with which the so-called politician-statesmen pursue their goals.

It would be a tragic misunderstanding of their own role if the scholar-statesmen of our several disciplines mistook their own function as, somehow, tied to the role of the politician-statesmen. If they were to do so, they could unwittingly lend their talents, even in a negative way, to the furtherance of objectives with which they may not agree. For in refusing to pursue their own goals, maintain their own commitments, and continue the dialogue with their fellows in other parts of the world, they help to dim the light of reason in a world so desperately in need of that light.

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We need to maintain the world of the *scholar*-statesman, only the faint outlines of which are as yet known to the politician-statesman. It is a world in which the nematologists of Iraq and Texas work together on a common problem. It is a world in which the professor of American literature from Pennsylvania works with his students in Sweden and in which a specialist in American history from Delhi lectures on his subject in Chicago. It is a world in which the scholars of the United States give all that they have to make certain that their scholar-statesmen are in constant *and* fruitful contact with their counterparts elsewhere. If the politician-statesmen have all but destroyed their world by their intransigent, doctrinaire and intolerant positions and policies, they may well be looking for more worlds to conquer. And if they look toward the world of the scholar-statesman, someone must tell them that this world is not open to conquest. For under such circumstances it may well be that the world of the scholar-statesman is the last best hope on earth and, thus, may save us all from what otherwise could be certain destruction.

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Dorothea

RICHARD SILBERG

I

When she died on her bones
like a cloud
and her mind whispered free
from her crumpling face
there was only
the quiet medicinal odor
And
through the window

the sun and the sky

II

Byzantine
Sable Dorothea of the limpid movie eyes
that spurned her adolescent warship
sideburn suave inamorato
Etruscan half-moon on her gypsy sea

She took her single fallen wombchild
to a weasel second husband
red-eyed alimony father

And a thousand beauty parlors later
she left him too

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III

When the mirror grew shrunken
and her skull wafted clear of her racketing youth
her sad sex and her vanity

When her cells turned wild
and death grew deep in her liquid eyes

There came a melting

She stirred in pity
for her wasted life
for her loveless daughter

And a maiden within her yearned to dance

IV

But her stony Joyce sat beside her
memory at her bedside
tearless and clenched like a fist

✪ RICHARD SILBERG is the author of *The Devolution of the People,* which presented a theory of the nature and evolution of culture. Mr. Silberg was graduated from Harvard College in 1963.

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The Double

JEAN VALENTINE

Indoors and out
nightlights drone:
outdoors the light, gilding geraniums, comes
from the blue room over the sill,

our locked proscenium. Over the sill my double
creams, combs, pulls down her shade,
recedes off out away.

On blue her shade, a scrim of green,
makes a cube, aquamarine,
where we give in

all the good night, good night,
coming clear of each other, sweet,
good night,

Grüss Gott; cruising at last outside
the day's monogrammed silver frame
into our own weather:

our painterly selves: folded wings,
Etruscan smiles in the swimming air:
remember? we just stood around in our hair,
rolling our eyes, so tickled with things.

But Jubilo!
the yellow flowers blow
off, and we stiffen: our God hinges here

listen
here where our two bodies lie
loosening

not understanding

wired to the day.

✪ JEAN VALENTINE lives in New York where she is at work on a second book of poems. Her first, *Dream Barker and Other Poems,* was published in 1965.

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SYMPOSIUM

Journalism and Mischief

Leon Edel, Gay Talese, Eliot Fremont-Smith and Frances FitzGerald participated in the panel discussion the SCHOLAR *presents here in transcription. The discussion,* led by Mr. Edel, was offered in New York on February 27, 1968, by the New School of Social Research in cooperation with The Authors Guild, Inc., and was the second in a series on "The Writer's World in an Age of Violence." The first discussion, "Violence in Literature," appeared in the Summer issue of the* SCHOLAR.

JOHN BROOKS, of The Authors Guild: Our chairman is Leon Edel who, as I'm sure you know, is the author of three celebrated volumes of biography on Henry James, for which he has received the Pulitzer Prize and National Book Award, and of various other books including *James Joyce, the Last Journey* and *The Modern Psychological Novel.* He is currently Henry James Professor of English and American Letters at New York University. As to "Journalism," Mr. Edel was a journalist full time for more than a decade, and at least part of the time for a couple of decades. His relationship to "Mischief" is unknown to me. He is also, as those of you who are awake at 6:30 in the morning probably know, a lecturer on English on TV's Sunrise Semester—which goes to show you have to get up pretty early in the morning to keep up with Mr. Edel.

LEON EDEL: Thank you, Mr. Brooks. The panel, as you've heard, is on "Journalism and Mischief!" I suppose there's an exclamation mark at the end of it; if not, we supply one. On my left I have Miss Frances FitzGerald, a Radcliffe graduate who has traveled extensively, and who spent close to a year in Vietnam. She has written various articles about this experience, including "Life and Death of a Vietnam Village" and "Tragedy of Saigon," in the *Atlantic,* "Vietnam—The People," in *Vogue,* and others. She lives in New York City and is working, I understand, on a book on Vietnam.

Then, Mr. Eliot Fremont-Smith, a graduate of Antioch, and a book reviewer for the New York *Times.* He has done graduate studies at the New School, at Columbia and at Yale. He has been a book editor in a publishing house. He was, earlier, a staff editor on the Sunday *Book Review* of the *Times.* He's also on home ground—in that he has served as a book review editor for the *Village Voice;* and since 1965 he has been a daily book critic.

And then we have Mr. Gay Talese, who's from New Jersey, and who was educated at the University of Alabama. He's written for the Birmingham *Post-Herald,* the Louisville (Kentucky) *Courier-Journal,* and he joined the New York *Times* in 1956. He's now a contributing editor to *Esquire.* He has written three books and is working on another one. His last book was *The Overreachers.* His articles have appeared in *Esquire,* the *New York Times Magazine,* the *Saturday Evening Post* and elsewhere.

Well, here is this panel; here we are. We've all been concerned in various ways with newspapers, with journalism. I'm going to begin by making a few preliminary remarks, and then each of the panelists will go on from there.

Bernard Shaw once remarked that jour-

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nalism was unreadable and literature unread. I'm not sure whether he'd say this today if he were alive. He might say that journalism is read and literature is unreadable. Our subject tonight, at any rate, is journalism—journalism and mischief. And at first this seems, I think, clear enough—there is a lot of mischief in the world, and the job of journalism is to tell us all about it.

But that was not altogether the intention of those who proposed this subject for discussion. I know because I was one of the proposers. So let me tell you what we did have in mind.

We had in mind the fact that the press by its very nature tends to be taken for granted. It's a sort of institution, and one that is usually overpraised. It's a kind of sacred cow; it's part of one of our great and important freedoms. It is as sacred as our Constitution—and to speak critically of it might seem to be critical of that freedom, and expressive of a wish to curb it. I don't think we want to do that. The press itself insists on its absolute freedom, even though there can be abuses of freedom and abuses of responsibility. Politicians, in particular, like to stay on the good side of the press—and while they don't always succeed, their wanting to can sometimes inhibit their freedom.

A case might be made for the point of view that the press, whether in good faith or in bad, can stir up mischief. Sometimes it does so intentionally, for the sake of a great, big headline. Sometimes it does so because of forces and techniques that exist within the journalistic establishment and are beyond its control. The press has to talk fast; and sometimes at deadline time things can be made to sound hotter than they are. We remember that John Foster Dulles thought it quite salutary if the public got a little newspaper scare now and again; it got faster results sometimes for him.

In a word, I think it might be said that on a great, sprawling continent like ours, where there are many kinds of newspapers and where not all reporters are gifted and thoroughly educated, the truth can at times be blurred and distorted, rather than proclaimed. Public relations may hoodwink an honest newspaper. In an atmosphere where there are many voices and contradictions, many points of view—and where the papers come out every day and in great big Sunday editions—our famous "man in the street" is bound to end up not only confused, but, in effect, a puppet—or a pipeline within a pipeline—of received ideas.

The words "credibility gap" are now used very frequently, but that gap has really always existed. It's just that it has reached a point where it's now very noticeable. In my own experience as a newsman for a good many years I must confess that my credibility was constantly strained, and my knowledge of history also. But now we discover that a great many myths exist, and a great many lies (let's call them lies) are floated out into the great public press—and some of our public officials seem to believe their own myths. At some point or other, advertising, and what used to be called "intelligence," in the sense of "information," have got terribly mixed—and at that stage, I wonder whether the word "mischief" is good enough; whether it isn't a very mild word.

News is a perishable commodity. Yesterday's paper, unless it be a journal of record—and then it's just filed away in the library—ends up as trash. The public memory lasts as long as the last headline; not much longer, unless new headlines reinforce the same theme. Herbert Mitgang reminded us in the New York *Times* yesterday of McCarthy, I mean the *late* Senator McCarthy. We remember how his accusations were rarely founded on fact. He was news; the press quoted his unevaluated charges. Any congressman may let out a cry and he gets quoted immediately. The press has neither the time to evaluate, nor often the time to obtain denials or qualifications—save after the fact. Out go the agency bulletins; out go certain editions, certain deadlines. The bulletin may have to be corrected later on, but that's just too bad. It may be denied, but whoever

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heard of denials having the impact of an accusation. That is mischief.

Sometimes the origin is mechanical. It is geared to the concept of the "flash," which is put out by the agency and which catches the deadline, even though the flash may later be killed. The bulletin, the moment of sensation, the lives McCarthy ruined, the honest names he discredited, the hysteria he engendered, were, in the very nature of things, aided and abetted by the press. If the press had given him a cooler treatment, it is highly unlikely that he would have become the power that he did.

What of the half-lies? The distortions of the generals who are quoted in big headlines, and who cry terror every time the military budget comes up? And the submarines that are discovered off our coast? Is it really news? After all, it would be news if a general did not say that we needed money for a bigger and better military establishment. And yet, every time the general does say it, his picture appears on the front page, and it's a big statement, and we are put into mortal fear that we may not have enough weapons in our arsenal.

In another field, we have the concern of the Bar Association over our coverage of crime—the jeopardizing of due process.

Well—this extends into many areas, and I'm not going to go on. I think I've said enough about something that you all know. The American theory has always been—at least in the movies—that the less a reporter knows about anything the better will be his story. He's considered particularly good if he goes abroad not even knowing the language of the country he's to report on.

What standards should writers in the departments of the arts have? Should theater critics plug shows with firecracker phrases, or does that end up as mischief? What would happen if the theater critics played things cool and simply evaluated a show, not as a potential masterpiece, but as something having possible merit for certain kinds of taste? How many imaginative shows have died because they broke away from clichés and were reviewed by tired Broadway critics unable to cope with the unexpected? The field for mischief can be wide—and in many areas.

But if I hammer at this, let me say that at this moment the press deserves our deepest appreciation for its handling of our great crisis—both the political and military sides of the war in Vietnam. I think it has atoned for some of its sins. I for one would have liked to have had Mr. Dulles as well covered as Mr. Rusk has been. Perhaps we should begin with this subject; it is the one closest to us.

Am I right in feeling we've had good coverage of the war, Miss FitzGerald?

FRANCES FITZGERALD: Well, it's very difficult to give one answer to that question because right now the war is covered by a vast establishment of newsmen. There are something like five hundred accredited press people in Saigon. Of course, they're not all journalists; that includes a large number of television staff people and that kind of thing. Nonetheless, it's a mammoth enterprise.

I think that at one point the press was very crucial in reporting the war; and that was about 1963, when there were three reporters who really went against the official line, and had a very hard time of it because their own agencies and papers—in this case it was U.P.I. and the New York *Times*—were not sure that what they were saying was right. And they were three very brave people—Neil Sheehan and Malcolm Browne and David Halberstam. There were several others there too, but these were the ones who got the award for it.

At the moment, I think it's very mixed out there. A lot of people are just trailing along on the work of a lot of other people. For instance, just a few months ago there was a spate of stories in the press about how bad the A.R.V.N. was, the Army of the Republic of South Vietnam. Well, this is something that has been known to any real reporters there for quite some time; but it came out in *Time* and *Newsweek* as if it were something entirely new. It wasn't that the story was a dead issue, but rather that it turned up at such a peculiarly appropriate

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moment from the point of view of domestic opinion in the United States. I mean, it did seem somewhat curious that just when public and governmental sentiment on the war was beginning to change the big mass magazines should come up with the twelve-year-old fact that the A.R.V.N. was hopelessly corrupt. What had happened was that the reporters out there were simply responding to what their editors thought the news should be. This is how the press works a large part of the time. It is both manipulating its own news and manipulated by—for lack of a more precise word—the Establishment. The process is at once a great deal more subtle and a great deal more effective than direct government control.

Again, there's a vast difference between reporters out there. There are usually some people of real quality and some people who are simply hacks. So it's very difficult to make a general statement about "the press in Saigon."

MR. EDEL: Would you care to tell us something about censorship over there? How much censorship does the Army use?

MISS FITZGERALD: I think that Army censorship, since this business of casualty figures was raised—it was raised before and then dropped, and now it's raised again—is really a very small issue. Numbers have never seemed to me to be a terribly important thing in this war; and they're really the only thing that the military have censored. It seems to me that there is much too much reporting of meaningless numbers anyway, so to me that's not a very critical subject.

As for the rest, there's been remarkably little censorship from the point of view of the military. However, there is, as far as the press is concerned, a terrific self-censorship, and this is one of the things that really inhibits any meaningful debate about the war. As soon as journalists get there—and I know, because it happened to me as well as to everybody else—they respond to what the officials are saying; which is to say that while you may criticize the officials, and may disagree with them, you nonetheless, somehow, are forced to enter into their dialogue. They say, for instance, that pacification is going terribly well. And you say pacification is *not* going terribly well. But the real issue is, what does pacification mean, anyway? The very word itself is a sort of nonsense. There's an entire debate going on that really is absolutely meaningless. As Orwell said, it's not a lie—it doesn't have that direct a relationship to the truth.

This is part of the trouble, and it takes a reporter—one who is used, after all, to peacetime conditions, where the things people say have some bearing on events—some time to realize that the language that is being used is sort of Alice-in-Wonderland, and finally to step back and away from it. Well, I think that's a very difficult thing for an American journalist to do. I say "American journalist" because I would like to get into the differences between European and American journalists later on.

But concerning this whole idea of journalistic objectivity—if you report what is said, and if you report it in their language, then you are just perpetrating the same nonsense.

MR. EDEL: We'll be coming back to this subject, I'm sure. Now, Mr. Fremont-Smith, perhaps you'd like to discuss some other aspects of our subject of "Journalism and Mischief."

ELIOT FREMONT-SMITH: I'd like to discuss the same aspect. I'd like to go back, in fact, to the title of "Journalism and Mischief," which is a curious title because I don't think anybody—any serious journalist, or any serious newspaper or magazine publisher, or even, although we're not talking about television, any TV newsman—wants to be "mischievous," the first meaning of which is to do harm, to do damage. They all want to be responsible, and we all talk very blithely about that word "responsibility."

The trouble is that none of us really knows what it means—certainly not in any absolute sense, and often not even in quite specific circumstances. "Responsibility" has to do with assumed intentions, and here there are many, many definitions, some of them mutually exclusive. I jotted down be-

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fore I came here some of the things that a newspaper, for instance, is supposed to be. It's supposed to be "fair," it's supposed to be "correct," it's supposed to be "objective," it's supposed to be "entertaining," it's supposed to be "a guardian of our rights," it's supposed to "keep government honest," it's supposed to expose crooks and liars and at the same time not invade privacy or prejudge trial cases, it's supposed to be independent and forthright and at the same time not "offend" too many of its readers, however that's supposed to be measured.

The word "responsibility" also implies an idea of objectivity, as if facts existed in print, or existed meaningfully, without interpretation. And, of course, a responsible press is one that interprets facts, suggests causes and effects, and even, where it can, areas of doubt. I think there's no doubt that we're moving in this direction.

There's also a problem in that objectivity seems to imply that one is free and independent and not committed to anything, to any cause or to any idea—which is humanly impossible. Any writer comes to a subject with what he has, and some of the things he has are commitments. Some are known, some—call them preconceptions, prejudices, strong predilections—are not. Now, a responsible writer, certainly a responsible critic, will be as sensitive as possible to these in himself, and will, where necessary, want to make them apparent to his readers, so that they may fairly judge his judgments. Further, a newspaper or a magazine is an institution, and as an institution it has *its* commitments. Getting back to Vietnam, one of the real problems in news coverage of Vietnam—and it has been generally excellent, in my opinion—is a real conflict of commitments. On the one hand, one is committed to the truth, and to printing what is actually going on in Vietnam—or what one thinks is actually going on in Vietnam. On the other hand, we also—when I say "we" I don't know in what sense; the publishers at least, but all of us are committed in a way to living in this country—we also don't want to do destruction to the country. We don't really want—few newspapermen would want, even if it were possible—to cause the United States to lose a war in Vietnam. A reporter asked Dean Rusk, off the record, in a background talk, what happened to our intelligence that we didn't know about the coming Tet offensive. Rusk answered by saying that there are times when it gets to the point where the question is, whose side are you on? Now, I'm the Secretary of State of the United States, he said, and I'm on *our* side. That was an obscene reaction on Rusk's part, implying that the question itself was unpatriotic, but it was not as silly, I think, and not as dumb and stupid and offensive as it seemed to me when I first read it.

These are real problems. The trouble with newspapers and TV is that we don't talk about these disturbing gray areas enough, so we're really not aware of them. The world grows smaller; the best papers, I think, become more and more internationalized, and yet one doesn't easily give up a sense of—well, call it local loyalty. Go back to the Bay of Pigs, when the *Times*, anyway, knew about the preparations for the Bay of Pigs long before it happened, and did not print it, as the *Nation* and a few other papers and magazines did, but refrained from doing so out of a sense of patriotism.

I don't believe there's any pat resolution to these problems. You have to go by each situation, and sometimes you're going to make the wrong decision, as the *Times* now admits having done on the Bay of Pigs.

MR. EDEL: Mr. Talese, what is your view?

GAY TALESE: Well, the Bay of Pigs subject allows me to illustrate a point. I've been working for the last two years researching a book that I'm doing on the New York *Times*. And one of the things that I've been most fascinated with is the influence of the reporter on the story. That is to say, the reporter himself brings to his own allegedly objective reporting that which he, the reporter, is. He brings his own background, his own prejudiced viewpoint, he brings his own understanding of the subject, and

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he pitches to his own strength. He writes long and lucidly about subjects that he understands well, subjects that make him look good as a writer—but on subjects he doesn't understand as well, he dismisses them, tries to shorten them.

I've been aware—having done the research that I have—that you can almost look at the front page of the *Times,* or indeed any part of the paper, including Eliot's column, or Bosley Crowther's, or Renata Adler's, anybody's, and you can see, if you know these people fairly well, or if you have some sort of insight into them, you can see something of themselves in everything they write. You cannot take seriously any Columbia School of Journalism statement about an objective press, because it's not true. There's no such thing as an objective press. And I'm not talking about the editorial page; I'm talking about the supposed hard-news reporting.

Now, to get back to the Bay of Pigs subject, that story *was* published in the New York *Times.* It was published in 1961—I think it was the spring of '61. It would have been published in its original form, that is to say the way the reporter, Tad Szulc, wrote it had not the New York *Times* been an Establishment newspaper. The New York *Times* will not stand for being called an Establishment newspaper, but it is. The New York *Times* is an Establishment institution. It is interested in preserving the better interests of this nation. In the case of the Bay of Pigs, it did not wish to have it published in the *Times* that the C.I.A. was involved, and that's one of the things that came out in the Tad Szulc story.

Why was the Bay of Pigs story toned down as it was? To be specific, it was to have been a five-column story on the right-hand side of the paper. There was an argument in the office about whether the story in its original form should be published. And those who were in favor of toning it down were the publisher of the New York *Times,* the late Orvil Dryfoos, and James Reston. And on the other side were two editors named Theodore Bernstein and Lewis Jordan.

The figure of James Reston is interesting. You will find Reston as an Establishment columnist, with few exceptions defending the better interests of the nation. You will find that when *Ramparts* magazine comes out with a series on the C.I.A., Reston's column is somewhat a defense of the C.I.A.—pointing out that Communist agents are a little bit worse than our guys. You will find in Reston an attempt—as in the Bay of Pigs—not to have our side look bad.

On the other hand, within the New York *Times* organization there are those who are sharper—perhaps less patriotic—and they have their day in court also. I can go on and on, because I've been working for two years on this very subject—not the subject of the Bay of Pigs obviously, but the subject of the New York *Times*—and I've been making a study, some of it based on my own background, having been on the *Times* for ten years. But what concerns me in the writing of this book is not what I discovered in my personal experience on the *Times,* but rather what I discovered as a reporter writing on reporters—which is what I've been doing the last two years. I've been reporting on reporting.

You find a kind of hypocrisy, which the press could, I think, deal with in a better way than it does. I'll give you an example. One year on the *Times* I was told by the city editor that 44th Street, between Eighth Avenue and Sixth Avenue, was being torn up by Con Edison, and that there was all this excavation and a great traffic jam, and that the theatergoers were most offended by it; and I was told to go out and do a story on this subject. I called up the owners of theaters, and the first person, at the Shubert Brothers', said, "It's not Con Edison that causes traffic jams at night on Broadway; it's the New York *Times* trucks." So I reported this to the city editor, and he said we'll forget the story.

This is a very quick example. I could give you long examples. This sums up, however, a facet of journalism that we former journalists, and people like myself

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who are reporting on journalism, specifically on the New York *Times,* face all the time. If any of you read *Time* or *Newsweek* two weeks ago, you saw that fascinating story, at least to me a fascinating story, about Reston's threatened resignation, and the battle between the New York office and the Washington bureau. This is all very intramural stuff. But what fascinates me about Reston is that it was he who coined, during the Eisenhower administration, the phrase "management of news."

I had some interviews with James Reston, and I was interested in the specifics of his own career. And one of them was that in '66 Reston contemplated quitting the New York *Times* because he was very unhappy in the Washington bureau—which, as you know, is a force of about twenty-seven reporters, very fine reporters; it's very prestigious to be a member of the Washington bureau of the New York *Times,* since you get to know senators, and can go to a lot of cocktail parties and knock the President. And I remember this incident in '66 when Reston was going to quit the *Times* and go to the Washington *Post* and *Newsweek* magazine. He'd been on the *Times* since 1939, and it was not easy for him to quit, and before doing so, before even submitting his resignation, he talked to Walter Lippmann.

Well, I had my interview with Reston in '67. I was fascinated by what one columnist talks about in an interview with another columnist—by the younger Reston going to the old pundit, Walter Lippmann. I wanted to know what they said. So I went to Washington to find out. And Reston wouldn't talk; no comment. Lippmann? I didn't get to Lippmann. I went to Katherine Graham, the publisher of the Washington *Post*—the Washington Post Company owns *Newsweek* magazine—and she wouldn't talk about it.

I was fascinated, because it reminded me of a few years ago when the New York *Post* was on strike, or there was some walkout, and I went to the New York *Post* and tried to see Dorothy Schiff, and I couldn't get in. And finally after waiting and waiting and waiting: no comment. And I felt then, and feel now, that reporters and publishers shouldn't be allowed to say "no comment," they shouldn't be allowed not to report on themselves, as the *Times,* this last two weeks, has not reported on that little executive musical chairs that went on there.

Regrettably, there is not a critic of the press. And I don't mean the *Village Voice;* I mean a force that can watch the press as the press watches the government. Because today, I think, we have a centralized government, with just one man calling the shots, and we do not have any real power in Congress; so that the checks and balances must be assumed by the press—to be very specific, by the Washington bureau of the *Times,* the Washington *Post,* and a few other papers. But there aren't that many powerful papers.

And I think the press should be informative about itself in a way that it is not—and this specifically includes the New York *Times.*

MR. EDEL: What you mean is that the press should invade its own privacy as well as other people's privacy? Is that what you're getting at?

MR. TALESE: I don't know if the press would admit to invading other people's privacy, sir, but I do think the press should be informative about itself. And I think that what went on two weeks ago at the *Times* should have been somewhere in the New York *Times;* it's fit to print, I think, somewhere.

MR. EDEL: I'm interested in the fact that both Mr. Talese and Mr. Fremont-Smith have raised the question of objectivity, and point out that there is no such thing as really objective reporting, because there's always a subjective element the moment an individual sits behind a typewriter, or dictates a story over a phone. But, Miss FitzGerald, you mentioned the European correspondents in Vietnam. The American press has tended to accuse the Europeans of never being objective, so I wondered whether you would enlarge on the differences that you saw there and

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referred to. What was your allusion to that?

MISS FITZGERALD: Well, I wasn't speaking specifically about the European press in Vietnam—I never saw any of their Vietnam stories, so it would be very hard for me to talk about that—but simply in general. To go back again, to this business of objectivity. Objectivity, as a theory of history, went out in the nineteenth century, you know, with Ranke. It seems to me it's about time that journalism in the United States followed suit, belatedly. I think it is coming to do so in many magazines, and also in some newspapers. The force of American journalism, if one wants to speak about it as a special case, is in this idea of getting behind something or other. It's getting behind the name of the New York *Times*—or the name of *Time* magazine, which is a much better example since nothing is signed in that, so that neither the public nor, indeed, the person who is being interviewed by the reporter has any feeling of what actually went on in the reporter's mind.

And I also feel that many of the reporters who have been trained in group journalism in *Time* magazine and *Newsweek* have the feeling that they themselves do not exist as people at all. They go into a situation, and somehow they're the living representative of *Time* magazine or *Newsweek*—and they don't see themselves, they're not conscious of their process of thought as they go into the situation.

Many of the foreign correspondents of such magazines are really first-rate journalists, but then they send their copy home, and what comes out often has very little relation to what they wrote in the first place. They get this feeling of absolute impotence, of being swallowed up by some vast and totally anonymous organization. So that finally, when they go into a situation, an event, especially one of such importance as Vietnam, they do so just to see what can break through, not to the public, but through to their own editors. Those magazines are vastly overstaffed, so in order to get into the magazine at all, or to get into the New York *Times* in fact, the reporters have to write an enormous flashy news story.

I aim this criticism mainly at the newsmagazines, which are such obvious examples of what I've said, but also at the big newspapers, because their very format, in the United States, gives one a feeling of anonymity. When you see the New York *Times,* unless you are very much concerned with the subject, you often don't know who the reporter is, or where he comes from. You can miss that one line on the page because they're all so close together. There seems to be nothing to differentiate one reporter from the next, except a little black line.

What I wanted to contrast this with is a certain style of European journalism which—by its very look on the page more than anything else—simply doesn't permit this sort of anonymity, and doesn't permit this kind of false assumption of objectivity. In papers like *Le Monde* and the London *Times,* actually because of the format, you are forced to notice who has written an article. And the articles are written, not in the style of the newspaper, as so many articles in the *Times* are, but in the style of the man. He's clearly a character, he becomes a part of the story. And the reader must realize by the very individuality of the writing that he's not facing the objective truth. He's facing the opinion of a man who is trying to do his best to see what's going on. Whether the man has reported correctly or not, at least we have that warning. And from his own point of view, the reporter who realizes this goes into a story as an individual, and has no opportunity to hide as a representative of something or other. He's just himself.

MR. EDEL: Don't we have a trend in that direction? Mr. Reston's name has been mentioned several times this evening. He's not writing as an anonymous individual, and he's certainly not hiding behind the anonymity of his paper, either. He writes in his own characteristic way, and with his characteristic view. And we have that all up and down the scale in the United States, right down to the gossip columnists.

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There are two things we have to remember: Even with the manipulation of news, we're still far better off than in a state that has a Dr. Goebbels, or an official line that is promulgated in the press by a dictatorship, or by a "planned" journal like *Pravda* that has its specifications laid out for it. We have manipulation of the news, yes, but we can still sit here and talk about it. Let us remember that.

And the second question I want to raise is whether what is needed is a real soul-searching on the part of the press, and a redefinition of what is news. The old idea of news is that anything that's interesting, anything that's fit to print, anything that's entertaining—and it doesn't matter if it's some crackpot somewhere in the country who stands up and says he thinks that everybody ought to be given a daily dose of LSD—should be reported as a headline, as news. And the question I want to raise is, should such a thing even be touched? Is it news, just because some crackpot has said something somewhere? Yet the papers publish it, and the papers publish all sorts of stories of that kind.

A little girl writes a letter to the President, and she immediately has her picture in the paper. It may be very amusing for people to read, but it probably destroys the whole ego of that little girl. She's perhaps going to grow up seeking a kind of publicity that she shouldn't be seeking. She should be a quiet little girl, who can write her letters to the President and not become a public figure by doing so. I'm just using these examples off the top of my head. There's a whole lot of nonsense in the press that masquerades as news, human interest and so on, and I'm wondering whether that isn't really a lot of mischief.

MR. FREMONT-SMITH: I think it is. I think it is news and human interest, and I'm afraid that human interest has a lot of mischief in it, although usually of a minor sort. It so happened that a lot of people wanted to know what Jackie Kennedy was doing every minute of the day—at least a lot of editors wanted to know—and this invaded her privacy to a degree, and certainly used up space in the paper.

But I don't see how you're going to get rid of that. You mentioned earlier the example of Senator Joe McCarthy in the McCarthy era of newspaper irresponsibility; but there at least they did start with a *senator's* wild, or at least newsworthy, or peculiar statements—and if they had not been reported, it would have been very odd indeed.

I think one of the problems that editors have now, when thinking about objectivity, came out of that McCarthy experience. Those people who had been accused by McCarthy didn't have a chance to answer until the next day, and then it was on page thirty-seven. So a lot of editors got the idea that objectivity is evenhandedness—that there is the accusation and then there is the denial. These things should come together, and then you'd have objectivity. And this has also led to objectivity becoming synonymous with a middle or reasonable position—as though on any issue there are two radical positions, the left and right, and the reasonable middle one that a responsible editor will take.

MR. EDEL: But it didn't work out that way, did it?

MR. FREMONT-SMITH: Well, I think that on some issues there are twenty-six extreme positions, and the twenty-fifth is maybe the correct one.

MR. TALESE: What do you think about the coverage given to the District Attorney in New Orleans, Garrison? He's been covered rather well, don't you think? I'm following up what you said about the press learning from its coverage of Senator McCarthy.

MR. FREMONT-SMITH: I don't know what Garrison has yet; the trial hasn't come up.

MR. TALESE: I'm not talking about the trial; I'm talking about the coverage. We have had his accusations of certain people, Clay Shaw, for instance, and two or three others whose names I forget. I remember Clay Shaw and think he got rather a bad deal.

MR. FREMONT-SMITH: I don't know what you do about it. Anybody who's arrested

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gets a bad deal, if it's reported, by the fact of its being reported. Perhaps there shouldn't be as much reporting, as the Bar Association has now suggested—no reporting on previous arrests, and some severe limitations on reporting before trial and during trial. Perhaps that's a proper answer, although I don't know what happens then to the "watch-dog" aspect of the press.

I'm trying to point out that no matter what side one is on—whether one is for or against the Vietnam war, or for or against a conspiracy theory of President Kennedy's death—the problem of how you report it, how you become, not even objective, but fair, is very difficult.

MR. TALESE: It seems to me we're discussing the press as an impersonal thing. I mean, we talk about "The Press" as if there were some kind of group attitude, whereas in reality the press, or a specific newspaper, varies in its attitude from day to day. It depends on who the editor is that day, on who is in charge of the desk, it depends . . .

MR. FREMONT-SMITH: Yes, but even if the editor is a dictator, he also comes with a lot of safety things. He doesn't want to be extreme because he wants his job; he wants to be well looked upon by his peers. . . .

MR. TALESE: But he wants to assert himself; he wants to make a good showing.

MR. FREMONT-SMITH: Right.

MR. TALESE: And his good showing depends on his coverage of that day—on what he publishes, and what he doesn't publish—what he throws out. He brings a good deal of himself to the job, which is what I said earlier.

Now, about that little girl writing a letter. If, on a certain night, the night managing editor is a guy who has a daughter who writes letters, the story about a girl writing a letter will get in the paper. It's as simple as that. It may sound cynical.

MR. EDEL: Is that good or bad?

MISS FITZGERALD: I think one couldn't really complain about it too much, if it could only be recognized by everybody, us included, that it *is* one man doing the whole thing—that it's not the New York *Times* as a mass, but one person sitting there.

MR. EDEL: Let's not exaggerate that point. That one person has the *Times Style Book* that he's following, he's got certain concepts that he's following, and there's been an editorial conference. It isn't really one man.

MR. FREMONT-SMITH: There's also the image—I don't mean the public image, I mean the self-image of the person who arrives at such a position, and who is part of an organization. There is a self-image, and, at the *Times,* a tremendous sense of dignity, that is sometimes very much overdone. Nevertheless, that is what any man who has come to that job, or a job in government, is going to have. I don't know how, but somehow you have to break through this.

MR. TALESE: You don't break through it by yourself. For example, in the 1930's, during the Spanish Civil War, the New York *Times* had three Roman Catholics who were editors of what we, who worked for the *Times,* called the bullpen. The bullpen is a section of the city room, and the editors in charge of it determine what is, and what is not, going to appear in the next day's paper. So the bullpen had three Catholic editors, and during the Spanish Civil War Franco got a very, very good deal.

During that same period, stories on birth control got a bad deal. Stories having to do with alarm over Communism were played up in the New York *Times.* It was known in those days as the Catholic bullpen.

This again demonstrates the point that when you think of the New York *Times,* you think of the press. If you know who those people making the decisions are, and where they came from, what they're reacting to, what their attitudes are on this and that, and what their experiences and understanding are, you can pretty much see their fingerprints all over the paper. Any argument?

MR. EDEL: I think perhaps—and I hope I will be forgiven—we ought to focus away

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from the New York *Times,* because it is an exceptional newspaper.

MR. TALESE: Take the New York *Post.*

MR. EDEL: No, let's get away from New York altogether. Remember that this is a continent; let's get away from the Eastern Seaboard and look at other newspapers—and there are very few fine newspapers.

MR. TALESE: The Los Angeles *Times* is a good example.

MR. EDEL: Yes, but I mean the ordinary newspapers. You hit some town in America and pick up the newspaper, and what have you got there? In general, you've got very little news. You've got a great deal of crime; you've got a great deal of violence; you've got all kinds of silly human interest stories—and all that is called news. I think there's a great deal of mischief going on there. We're discussing a very fine institution, and we're getting into very fine criticism, when we're dealing with the *Times.*

MR. TALESE: I think we have an "Establishment" moderator. [Laughter]

MR. EDEL: Let's talk about the Associated Press. It's an agency, and it provides canned news. It's funneling that news, thousands of words, by wire all over the country. I don't think they even need wires now—I haven't caught up with the latest electronic developments. But there it is: the flash, the headline that hits papers all over the place with no chance for immediate revision, no time for examination or evaluation, and then, later on, things have to be recalled. And by the time they're recalled, certain papers have hit the street with the story. Isn't it perhaps time to take a look at the whole concept of news, and the reporting of news—and to examine the whole idea of what people are given to read, and the fact that in spite of McLuhan, the public still regards what it sees in print with some respect? It's in print, so it's authoritative.

MR. TALESE: Let's deal with your subject, then, the wire services—because that is what gets in the small papers around the nation. One of the problems of journalism is that the editor determines, before news actually occurs, where news is going to occur. In the case of the wire services, let us take the Associated Press, for example.

The Associated Press has perhaps several dozen men in Washington, dozens in Los Angeles, a lot less in smaller towns like Kansas City and Minneapolis. The bureau chief in Minneapolis has been there for a couple of years, let's assume, and there hasn't been any news out of Minneapolis for a while; and he thinks that his regional chief is going to wonder what he's doing, so he's got to think up something to get on the wire. Now, is that news? Yes, it's news. It's news because he said it's news. If he waits for a disaster, for a plane to hit the hospital, or some guy to shoot six people, he'll never get on the wire, he will never, in a sense, be alive. He will never be present and accounted for in the home office.

What can you do about the problem of predetermining where news is going to occur? The New York *Times* needn't be discussed. Take an average sized paper, like the Louisville *Courier-Journal.* I'm guessing, but I think it probably has about sixty-five reporters. Well, the editor determines at nine o'clock in the morning that there will be a story from City Hall, that there will be a story from the hospital, there will be a story about the Board of Education meeting today. A couple of pickets are outside the S.N.C.C. office, so they'll have a guy covering S.N.C.C.—and there will be a story in tomorrow's Louisville *Courier-Journal* about it, the reason being that the editor said there will be news on that subject. The game is wrong. It has to be wrong.

MR. EDEL: The paper has to be filled up, you know; there are a lot of empty columns.

MR. TALESE: What is your contention; what are you suggesting?

MR. EDEL: Well, I'm suggesting that maybe what's needed is to rethink the whole idea of news.

MR. TALESE: Maybe we should have weekly papers and not daily papers.

MR. EDEL: We have.

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MR. TALESE: No, I don't mean magazines; I mean a kind of *New York Review of Books* dealing with . . .

MR. EDEL: That might be very helpful. I had a very interesting experience during the Second World War. I was in Normandy and went for many days without newspapers, and I couldn't listen to the radio. When I finally came back to the newspapers, I discovered that the more things changed, the more they were the same, and I hadn't missed the papers very much. Perhaps the paper is more obsolete than we think.

MR. FREMONT-SMITH: As a research addict I won't go along. I enter a dissent right here and now. I've got to have something to read at breakfast.

MR. EDEL: This is a good point then at which to start inviting questions from the audience.

MR. TALESE: [On how, in practice, a large paper checks the facts in a story.]

How are the facts checked? There is not much time for checking. When I was a reporter I came in with a story, having gone out at, let's say, two o'clock in the afternoon. And now it's five o'clock in the afternoon; I'm back. I was covering, let's say, a picket line at Boeing Aircraft; or, let's say, a picket line at a local napalm dealer. I come back, having seen perhaps forty-eight people out there, some of them from Vassar, some of them from the New School; and the cops beat up two of them, and six people were arrested. The editor will say, what do you think it's worth? Well, it's probably worth four or five paragraphs. Fine. That's it, it's as simple as that.

Of course it gets down to three paragraphs if there's a lot of news. But if it's a very dull day, if it's a Sunday and there are not a lot of things on television like major speeches by Senator McCarthy—I mean the good Senator McCarthy—or some other intellectual, then you have a lot of room, then you have room for what used to be called, in sportswriting, a rainy day story. You might have a day in Washington Square Park, all about perambulators and balloons and all that. If there's a lot of hard news, or a lot of speeches that are worthless, but are covered by the *Times* incessantly and incredibly, those are covered. Speeches, what a man says, are covered if the man has any credentials at all, and they take up most of what, regrettably, is a rather limited space for news in the *Times.* The New York *Times,* today, gives a lot less space to news than it did in 1930, and in 1940, because the cost of newsprint has gone up tremendously . . . this gets technical, but there is not as much news being reported now in the *Times* as there was thirty years ago.

MR. FREMONT-SMITH: [On the press defining its own public responsibilities.]

I think that—well, I'll put it this way—the press, or the *Times* if you're talking about the *Times,* certainly does view itself as influential in public affairs, and it wants to be on the side of good, whatever that is.

I agree with you, Gay, that it should take on more responsibility than it does—or than any newspaper, or news magazine, or even the *Atlantic* does—in talking about itself. If it is an influential institution, then what goes on inside it is of public interest and consequential. I think the one big breakthrough that happened was after the '63 strike, when Abe Raskin wrote in the *Times* a history and critique of the newspaper strike, in which the *Times* bargainers came in for a lot of criticism. And this paid off in terms of public relations; everybody went around saying, what a great newspaper to print criticism of itself. Well, this should be not so unusual.

MISS FITZGERALD: Very few newspapers, or newspaper editors, conceive of themselves as educators of the public they're talking to, and I think that's a very important distinction to make. Perhaps there are some exceptions, some people on the New York *Times, et cetera*—but it seems to me that most newspapermen are pretty accurate reflections of the communities they're addressing. People complain about them—as they complain about their congressmen—but it seems to me that we've got what we *are.*

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The real trouble is that there just aren't enough newspapers—and the communities that they're addressed to are just too big. Therefore, they tend to take the lowest common denominator, rather than any one particular position. If there were more newspapers, then one might get a real clash of opinions about value systems and whatnot; and I think that this trend toward bigger and bigger papers, and fewer and fewer papers—as, for instance, in New York—is very damaging to the public interest. The only answer we seem to have right now is that spate of underground newspapers—which have, unfortunately, no facilities, and can really only hit on a good story from time to time.

MR. TALESE: [Does the reporting of violence create violence?]

In Selma, Alabama, in 1965, I was part of the *Times* team that went down to cover the March; and as I look back now, being an alumnus of the institution, I think I did some terrible things down there, and there's not much satisfaction in saying that I wasn't alone.

What I did, and what we all did, what television and all other newspaper people did—most other newspaper people—we created characters. We created a set of angels and a set of villains, and we really milked that story and had a lot of fun. It was all taken very seriously at the time, and it inspired a new voting bill, and helped the registration program in the South. It did a lot of good things. And what we did in Selma was possibly done in Watts, and it possibly was influential in the creation of such people as Rap Brown—because whether you like him or not, he's a character, he's a creation of the media.

In Selma we created a character named Sheriff James Clark. You probably have forgotten his name, but in 1965 he was well known. Sheriff Clark was The Man, the Sheriff of Selma, Alabama, of the County, who went around with a little button saying "Never"; and he was portrayed in the press—and I was as responsible as anyone—as kind of the great villain of the South. And we really created this character.

We shouldn't have done it; we should have played the news a bit more straight than we did. At least, I feel that if I had it to do all over again, with detachment—but, of course, you never detach yourself, because you get caught up in the emotions of the moment. And at that moment in 1965, when you had television coverage of the March across the bridge, when the Sheriff's posse and the state troopers of Alabama clobbered those demonstrators trying to get down to Montgomery, it was a very dramatic moment. Television was involved, we of the newspaper force were involved, and we really winged it. End of speech.

MR. FREMONT-SMITH: I'd like to—I think something more should be said, if you'll forgive me.

MR. TALESE: I won't forgive you, but say it.

MR. FREMONT-SMITH: First of all, anyone who's interested in news, and hopefully everybody who works on newspapers and whatnot is very interested—he likes it, he likes news, likes doing his work, and gets excited about stories. So you really want things to happen. Now what kind of things happen to draw one's attention? It's usually disasters. So the time when a newspaper operates best, and when everyone's feeling wonderful and excited, is when the *Titanic* sinks. This is just, I think, a purely human phenomenon.

Now, on that other aspect of it, when you go down to Selma, or when you are following any story that you approach without knowing very much about what's going on—you want to find out what the hell is going on, who's responsible, who's doing what. And so I think it's not simply a matter of making up characters, like Sheriff Clark. He was after all a sheriff, and he was after all wearing this button.

MR. TALESE: If we hadn't been there, meaning we the press . . .

MR. FREMONT-SMITH: You were there because there was a riot.

MR. TALESE: We were there because there was a provocation which television covered. We all went flying down to Selma, and our very presence heightened the incident, elec-

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trified it, and made major characters of minor characters. It made the villain, Sheriff Clark, a larger villain. Some of the other people, the heroes in those days, oddly, were white liberals and S.N.C.C. people. The S.N.C.C. people were heroes then. Now this was before black power was shouted. I think that began in Mississippi a year later, in Canton, Mississippi. But if we had not been present in such numbers as to influence the news, the news would have been different, people would not have turned on for us. That's what they do; a mayor "turns on" for the press. "Well, Gabe . . ." the mayor says, on channel 4. You hear it every night.

MISS FITZGERALD: That seems to be an example of Heisenberg's law. There's no way to get away from it.

MR. TALESE: [On featuring a picture of self-immolation.]

Oddly, the *Time*'s first published picture of a Buddhist monk's burning himself was in an ad. It was an ad signed by protesters of the war, and when this got into an advertisement in the *Times* there was a great flap, with the news department saying, "Hell, we can't publish it, it's against our news policy, but they're publishing it in an ad."

This happenstance, of course, lessened the strictures, and they're not now what they were three years ago—so that it is not surprising to find such pictures in the *Times* today. Three years ago you wouldn't have found them there. They change, their attitudes change.

MR. FREMONT-SMITH: [On whether a newspaper editor checks wire service stories for bias, before running them.]

You know, one man's bias is another man's objectivity. And so it depends entirely upon how good, and how sensitive, the editor is on a given paper, and what his feelings are—on both. A professional man would hopefully recognize the obviously biased stuff and act accordingly, cut it out or, if there's any question, check it out.

If you travel around the country and look at newspapers—and if you care about the quality of newspapers around this country —there's nothing more depressing to do. The good ones you can count on one hand. And most of the stuff that comes over the A.P. or U.P.I. is taken as gospel. If readers can be said to believe what they see in print, the same goes for a lot of editors with what comes over the wires. Also, it's defensible—an editor can print it, and if he's criticized for it, he has a defense. "Well, it's A.P.," you know; so he's safe. And if he tampers with it, it's a little bit less safe.

MR. TALESE: Further extending that, Eliot, the old definition of news is something that is verifiable. It's not necessarily the truth, but it's verifiable. Somebody said that, you know, "Mayor Lindsay announced yesterday that—"and then there's something. It could have been wrong, but Mayor Lindsay announced yesterday that . . . . That's all you have to know, and you follow it.

MR. FREMONT-SMITH: [On the *Times* printing a story that Dag Hammarskjöld had landed safely in Africa—when actually his plane had crashed, and he had been killed.]

I don't know, perhaps you know, Gay, where that release originated. But it has happened that before a plane lands with somebody famous in it, the story goes out that he landed at such-and-such a time—meaning that he's expected to land at such-and-such a time, a case of routine anticipation being transformed, wrongly, into fact.

MR. TALESE: There's more to it. The United Press International covered the landing of Mr. Hammarskjöld, and a man who looked like Hammarskjöld was seen coming out of a plane.

So it was a poor U.P.I. man who couldn't get out from behind a barrier actually to see Hammarskjöld, and, being somewhat inexperienced, went ahead and said that Hammarskjöld landed when indeed he didn't. But I'll say this for the *Times;* it is very careful about such things, and it didn't make this mistake.

MR. FREMONT-SMITH: Oh, it did, it printed the story.

MR. TALESE: Oh, it printed the United

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Press story, that's true; but I mean that the people who work for the *Times,* when they first come up from the ranks, are, if they're briefed on anything, made to know the seriousness of such things as this.

MR. FREMONT-SMITH: [On the effects of papers merging, and closing down, and leaving a city with one or two big papers.]

I think there are two answers, and opposites. When you think in terms of competition, and the competition dies, you become, part of you becomes, more smug.

On the other hand—and this I'll defend the New York *Times* on—I think the people who run the newspaper have very strong consciences about this, and are very aware, and sensitive, and concerned, very aware of the need for wider and deeper and better coverage without the spur of competition.

MR. EDEL: Well, I think we're at the end of our time. I want to thank the panelists, and I want to thank the audience for coming, and taking part.

Coming. . .

Heads and Seekers

Student Drug Use, Counter-Cultures and American Society

by

Kenneth Keniston

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OF WRITING AND WRITERS

The New Poetry

FRANK MacSHANE

The vacuum created by the deaths of Cummings, Eliot, Stevens and Williams, and by the silence of Pound, is now being filled, not so much by single poets, as by movements. In the absence of any profoundly influential individuals, we are encouraged to consider groups of writers, most of them bearing journalistic labels intended to describe their traits. These include the so-called "confessional" poets like Robert Lowell, John Berryman and Anne Sexton, and the "projectivists," whose work derives in part from theories expressed by Charles Olson. This group is also indebted to Williams, and includes Robert Creeley, Denise Levertov and Robert Duncan, among others. Invigorating as the work of many of these poets is, it is all too often mannered and eccentric, in the true sense of that word. It suffers from the kind of self-indulgence Eliot derides in "Tradition and the Individual Talent" and emphasizes qualities that are finally extraneous to poetry. As Keats said: "Poetry should be great and unobtrusive, a thing which enters into one's soul, and does not startle or amaze it with itself, but with its subject."

The new habit of considering poets in groups tends to blind us to the work of a number of poets whose individuality prevents them from being lumped together. For the most part, these poets believe in the existence of a central lyric tradition in English and American verse, and wish to write out of it rather than against it. Their antecedents in this country are Edward Taylor, Emerson and Dickinson, Poe, Melville and Robert Frost. Instead of adopting revolutionary proposals like the "projectivists" or emphasizing a certain range of experience like the "confessional" poets, they are trying to expand and adapt the traditional lyric so that it can cope with the tensions that arise when public and private life intersect. This concern is reflected in their methods, for Donald Justice, Galway Kinnell, Adrienne Rich, Louis Simpson, William Jay Smith, William Stafford, Richard Wilbur and James Wright are all poets who employ traditional intellectual disciplines to create lyrics of emotional intensity.

In approaching the work of these poets and others like them, we are faced with a problem of critical vocabulary. Many of the terms so widely employed in the heyday of the "New Criticism" have lost their utility because they were concerned with a literature that pictured man as a being apart from society: the two were always counterpoised, as in "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" or in "Hugh Selwyn Mauberley." Today, by contrast, man is so encumbered by tinned goods and television, credit cards and taxes and most of all so affected by the quality of urban life, that he could not escape society if he wished to. Even our weapons reflect this social fact; napalm, poisoned gases and bacteria all cling to us, suffocate us and invade our entire systems, instead of merely piercing or striking us like old-fashioned bullets or spears.

Moreover, modern life seems exception-

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ally dual, simultaneously despairing and reassuring. We are on the threshold of a new social order and also on the brink of disaster. Technological changes at once blight and benefit our lives. With the new freedom comes the new barbarism. Faced with these conditions, the contemporary poet is both attracted and repelled by the world around him. Despairing, he yet continues to write. He is forced to the state Keats described with the phrase "negative capability."

Critics with standards derived from a more clearly discernible period cannot cope with the work of the new poets. As Louis Simpson has said of them, "They have no language in which to treat the new poetry; indeed, it is increasingly obvious that they cannot see or hear, much less discuss it." For this reason it is important to realize that we are dealing, as Donald Hall has written, with a language whose images cannot be translated into abstractions. The new poems communicate, he says, "the intricate darkness of feeling and instinct. . . ."

Yet even with this awareness, we may distinguish between poets according to whether their work is primarily formal or free. This is merely a way of identifying a poet's cast of mind. No poet is exclusively a man of feeling or of intellect, but we can still identify loosely two groups—those like Richard Wilbur, Elizabeth Bishop and William Jay Smith, whose work emphasizes wit and the skillful use of traditional forms; and others like Louis Simpson, Robert Bly and Galway Kinnell who are more experimental and colloquial in choice and handling of words.

The dramatic confrontation of incompatible qualities and substances that is found in nearly all good poetry appears most obviously in the choice of subject matter. Thus the social contrasts in Elizabeth Bishop's "The Burglar of Babylon" between the rich Brazilians of Copacabana and a hunted murderer in a slum section above Rio; or the contrasts Louis Simpson notes between California as a land of promise and as a place for real estate speculation. Frequently the subject involves a confrontation between nature and machines, as for example in poems by William Stafford and Barbara Howes where animals are killed by passing motorists. The best of these directly involve the narrator: he is not merely an aloof observer; rather he is responsible as all of us must be who accept the modern age. Moreover the poet forces us to recognize and feel what we have done, as Barbara Howes does in "Headlong," a poem about running over a woodchuck in Vermont, which ends with these words:

> This headlong meeting stopped us: I ran
> A gauntlet of chill air the long way home.

These lines show us that it is not the subject alone that makes a poem but rather the artistry that transforms a statement about contemporary life into poetry. Sometimes, this transformation is abetted by a sudden change of language or a rhythmic break that serves to heighten the emotional impulse of the poem. The last line of William Jay Smith's "The Idiot Below the El" varies tonally from its predecessors, so that the impression of lunacy is felt rather than merely observed:

> Below, the leaves lie still in wind and rain,
> And overhead the rails run on and meet
> Somewhere outside of time: the clamor dies;
> An iron hoop goes clanking down the street.

In the conclusion of "The Armadillo" Elizabeth Bishop uses a somewhat different method to intensify the preceding quatrains, which describe the destruction that occurs when a fire ballon crashes into the woods and causes a brush fire:

> Too pretty, dreamlike mimicry!
> O falling fire and piercing cry
> and panic, and a weak mailed fist
> clenched ignorant against the sky!

The military image "weak mailed fist" refers to the sly armadillo who "hastily, all alone" has escaped from the holocaust, but the compression of the statement, blending images with values in a vocative outcry, produces much more than can appear through explication. Here the "new criticism" fails, for one has to respond subjectively to the last four lines with their

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recognition of man's inescapable involvement in the scene. Without being surrealistic, Miss Bishop creates the illusion of revelation. She does so by heightening the language (through assonance) and by exaggerating the rhythm, as for example in the penultimate line where she creates what Robert Graves has called the "strain of rhythm upon metre."

Writers using looser forms naturally must employ different methods to achieve these strains. In verses already marked by rhythmic irregularity, little will be achieved by more of it; the poet therefore has to introduce sudden rhythmic formality or to alter his language. Understatement is frequently more effective (in this time of exaggeration) than its opposite: William Stafford uses it frequently in many of his poems, as for example in "At the Bomb Testing Site," where the lizard is half aware of the menace that hangs overhead. The last line is: "The hands gripped hard on the desert." Here by personifying the animal and simultaneously understating his terror, Stafford achieves the unified effect and *frisson* his poetic statement requires. Donald Justice also uses this device in "North":

> Already it is midsummer
> In the Sweden of our lives.
>
> The peasants have joined hands,
> They are circling the haystacks.
>
> We watch from the veranda.
> We sit, mufflered,
>
> Humming the tune in snatches
> Under our breath.
>
> We tremble sometimes,
> Not with emotion.

Aside from understatement, this poem also illustrates another slightly surrealistic trait, contained in the line "In the Sweden of our lives" which is reminiscent of Louis Simpson's rendering of San Francisco Bay as having an angel standing by the Golden Gate who "Dances like Italy, imagining red." These images make no literal, objective sense. Rather they are incorporated nonrationally into the understanding. They require no explanation because subjectively they are quite understandable, and they contribute a poetic vitality and complexity to otherwise prosaic words. Instead of relying on shared objective experience, they depend on a community of feeling, an understanding that need not be specified but that grows out of shared cultural experiences. These differ from symbols, which relate primarily to the unconscious; what is involved here is the assumption that men share a conscious inner life. Having had so many of the same experiences (in modern democratic culture), they naturally have many of the same feelings about them. Given our predominantly middle-class values, the subjective intention of contemporary poets is as easily understood today as the language of flowers was by Elizabethan readers.

These conditions naturally encourage a certain amount of allusiveness. In "The Knot," for example, Adrienne Rich apparently felt free to stretch and even mix metaphors in order to provide the kind of multiple focus—emotional, intellectual, physical—that significant phenomena demand.

> In the heart of the queen anne's lace, a knot
> of blood.
> For years I never saw it,
>
> years of metallic vision,
> spears glancing off a bright eyeball,
>
> suns off a Swiss lake.
> A foaming meadow; the Milky Way;
>
> and there, all along, the tiny dark-red spider
> sitting in the whiteness of the bridal web,
>
> waiting to plunge his crimson knifepoint
> into the white apparencies.
>
> Little wonder the eye, healing, sees
> for a long time through a mist of blood.

Yet short lyrics are limited in scope, however familiar and suggestive their points of reference. A number of the poets of whom I have been speaking have therefore extended their work into longer forms, including narrative. In this they have been aided by the relative morbidity of the short story. The decline of realistic fiction, with its emphasis on objective experience and facts, has driven prose writers to adopt

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many new techniques. Some, like Bellow and Barth, have inflated diction, character or situation; others, like Robbe-Grillet and Pinget, have done the opposite and have created the anti-novel. In the process, prose fiction, at least in America, has tended to degenerate into a patchwork of literary tricks.

The gap left by the prose writers' failure in narrative is being gradually filled by poets who find it an appropriate medium for the complexities of which they wish to write. Undoubtedly the growing popularity of poetry readings has also encouraged this tendency by reviving the bardic tradition. Some poets, like Howard Nemerov, James Merrill and Louis Simpson, have written novels; others, including Elizabeth Bishop and Robert Lowell, have placed sections of prose in their books of poetry. Still, there is a difference between the new narratives of today and those, say, of Tennyson or Scott, or even Frost. The new are more succinct and taut, suggestive rather than explicit. Fifty years ago, Ezra Pound said that poetry must catch up with the techniques of prose: by now it seems to have done so.

One advantage for the poet engaged in a narrative or long ruminative piece is that he can dispense with many of the details demanded in a prose rendering, and can often be more dramatic than the prose writer can. Robert Penn Warren has demonstrated this technique well in poems like "The Day Dr. Knox Did It" which summarizes in a few phrases the physical detail of a Southern village where a suicide takes place and which uses the fiction-writer's device of the time shift for dramatic effect. The poetic stance also permits the inclusion of descriptive phrases that in prose might be obtrusive. These lines from Louis Simpson's "The Runner" illustrate the point:

> On the horizon
> Rheims, with the cathedral, like a ship
> Traveled the plain. Clouds were streaming over
> The spire; their swift shadows ran like waves.

But what narrative verse succeeds in doing best is to impart the feeling the story is supposed to generate. In Elizabeth Bishop's "The Fish" we are given the details of the fishing episode, line after line about the eyes and skin and teeth of the hooked fish, and then details of the boat. These are understated and prosaic, in order to prepare for the conclusion:

> —until everything
> was rainbow, rainbow, rainbow!
> And I let the fish go.

The difference between prose and poetry is nicely illustrated in the penultimate line, which would never appear in a short story. It is appropriate to the poem, however, since it prevents it from being merely anecdotal. Moreover, in order to avoid drabness Miss Bishop had to heighten her diction and alter the poem's rhythm at this point. The change is like an illumination: the subjective commentary, following the flat details of the episode, makes the whole poem reverberate, and thus imitate the feelings implicit in the subject itself.

Where these poets succeed best, however, is in the quasi-narrative or ruminative poem, which permits the poet to bring a substantial amount of material under scrutiny while at the same time treating its significance. As with any long piece of exposition, the poet always risks boring the reader. He therefore often introduces episodes or vivid passages of description to maintain interest.

These techniques are illustrated in Galway Kinnell's "The Last River," which combines a physical narrative with an internal one, and in his "The Avenue Bearing the Initial of Christ into the New World," which is kaleidoscopic and filled with sketches of life on the lower East Side of New York. Mr. Kinnell's language is unpoetic, almost drab; like a prose writer, he achieves his effects through an exact rendering of details that have a cumulative emotional effect. His lines on a fishmonger's stall have this quality:

> The fishmarket closed, the fishes gone into flesh.
> The smelts draped on each other, fat with roe,
> The marble cod hacked into chunks on the counter,

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Butterfishes mouths still open, still trying to eat,
Porgies with receding jaws hinged apart
In a grimace of dejection, as if like cows
They had died under the sledgehammer, perches
In grass-green armor, spotted squeteagues
In the melting ice meek-faced and croaking no more,
Except in the plip plop plip plip in the bucket,
Mud-eating mullets buried in crushed ice,
Tilefishes with scales like chickenfat,
Spanish mackerels, buttercups on the flanks,
Pot-bellied pikes, two-tone flounders
After the long contortion of pushing both eyes
To the brown side that they might look up,
Brown side down, like a mass laying-on of hands,
Or the oath-taking of an army.

In "The Tin Can" and other of his longer poems, William Jay Smith uses language that is much more rich and suggestive. Like St. John Perse, he makes his words imitate the sensuous qualities of the objects described. He is therefore able to create a ruminative tone that combines lyric intensity with narrative. The opening lines of "Morels" illustrate this quality:

A wet gray day—rain falling slowly, mist over the
valley, mountains dark circumflex smudges in the distance—

Apple blossoms just gone by, the branches feathery still
as if fluttering with half-visible antennae—

A day in May like so many in these green mountains, and
I went out just as I had last year

At the same time, and found them there under the big maples—
by the bend in the road—right where they had stood

Last year and the year before that, risen from the dark duff
of the woods, emerging at odd angles

From spores hidden by curled and matted leaves, a fringe of
rain on the grass around them,

Beads of rain on the mounded leaves and mosses round them,

Not in a ring themselves but ringed by jack-in-the-pulpits
with deep eggplant-colored stripes; . . .

Mr. Smith's longer poems are given focus through the speaker's voice and proceed through an evocation of both objective and subjective images. Mr. Smith prevents his work from becoming muffled or confused by providing enough vivid and specific detail to make his subject authentic, as in these lines from "The Tin Can": ". . . to a sagging New England/farmhouse in the rock-rooted mountains, where wind rifles the cracks,/Here surrounded by cross-hatched, tumbling stone walls, where/the snow plow with its broad orange side-thrust has outlined a rutted road. . . ."

Allen Tate's description of the language used in these narrative poems as "precise and eloquent" applies to Mr. Smith's method as a whole. It is a blend of apparent opposites, and of evidently antagonistic modes of writing, to achieve an emotional unity which, by extension, is the poet's vision. Writing about Elizabeth Bishop, Anne Stevenson described the process in these words:

> In all poetry which is essentially inexplicit, which depends upon images and the mental associations of images, a tension must be maintained between the *precision* of the image and the *resonance* of the associations. That is to say, the objective situation must be clear, accurate and true, while the subjective reaction of the poet (and the reader) must be multiple and complex.

Since the various poets under discussion are all very individual, with a variety of different notions about the world, they cannot be gathered together in a group; nor can their methods be equated. Still, most of them achieve their effects by combining the two modes of writing Miss Stevenson cites in one artistic unity. In this way, they not only reflect the tensions of the contemporary world, but also represent and give new life to the great central tradition of lyric verse in English.

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London Letter . . . . . .

ANTHONY BURGESS

I'm writing from England for the last time. This is a very solemn pronouncement and one I've never made before—not even on embarkation leave in 1942, with a drink-induced certitude that I was going to be killed in battle. Even when I left for Malaya in 1954, it was with the expectation of coming back, a puffing ex-colonial officer, eccentric round the village, his unreasonable angers appeased by curry. I came back, in fact, when Malaya achieved her independence in 1957, went out to Borneo the following year and finally decided to stay, for good or ill, in the England to which sickness, or perhaps political disaffection, repatriated me in 1959. But, nine years after, I am off again, and this time it will have to be for good.

The other day Kingsley Amis said to me: "If the Chancellor of the Exchequer made me pay ten thousand pounds a year for the privilege of staying in England, I'd gladly pay it." I see what he means. England is still a country well worth living in. The people are gentle, humorous, tolerant; the young are comely and honest; the countryside is delicious; London is a yearlong delight. But England is to writers—despite what Amis says—a country increasingly difficult to earn a living in. England does not like its writers, and it does its utmost to humiliate them. That it leaves them out of the honours lists, favoring instead footballers and amateur circumnavigators, is neither here nor there. What is very much here is that it will not allow them to keep very much of what they earn. Let me give you an anonymous example.

A writer I know spent twenty-five years struggling to earn a living with his typewriter. His annual earnings averaged £600 —$1,440. Strictly speaking, he was doing somewhat better than most free lances, but his standard of living was still well below that of the railway porter or bus driver. After these hard twenty-five years he suddenly hit the jackpot. A book of his was picked up by the American Book-of-the-Month Club; the film rights fetched a very handsome sum. In this twenty-sixth year—an *annus mirabilis*—he earned something like £80,000—$192,000. Her Majesty's Department of Inland Revenue immediately stepped in and claimed everything except about £5,000—$12,000. It was useless for him to protest that this was not really a year's earnings—it was the reward, very belated, of a quarter of a century's hard slog. Useless to point out that an *annus mirabilis* comes once only in a lifetime, if one is lucky. The tax men were adamant. All that my friend could do was, very sadly, to take his money to some dull paradise like Guernsey or Malta. Amis might conceivably think this man's sense of values was twisted, but art comes before country, and my friend saw in this windfall a chance to write the books he felt were in him. He is, as I know, engaged on a long work that promises to be a masterpiece.

This year, I suppose, is the one year in which I am likely to earn a fair sum of money—thanks to Hollywood and a couple of reasonably lucrative publishing contracts.

*ANTHONY BURGESS' most recent novel is *Enderby*. His other books include *A Clockwork Orange*, *Re Joyce* and *The Novel Now*.

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Sadly I commit myself to a new exile, and this will have to be my last. Apart from the opportunity of utilizing my emoluments to write the books I want to write, I have a responsibility to my relicts which I do not feel for the State. I want to be sure of leaving a sum of money that will not be engulfed in death duties; I want to be given the chance to earn and conserve for somebody else's future. This seems reasonable to me, even altruistic, but the Exchequer thinks otherwise. To hell, then, with the Exchequer.

Even this final letter is being written under a kind of false pretenses. I seem to have seen more of California this year than of London, and this has had to do with a proposed film on the life of Shakespeare, for which I have already written a first-draft script. I am well aware that this is a magazine for scholars, and that scholars will start making *ça pue* gestures at the prospect of Hollywood's spending several millions of dollars on turning the Bard's life into an entertainment. Or perhaps not; in Britain so many of our dons have yielded to the glamour of show biz that the old gap between the scholarly and the diverting is no longer very wide, and isn't America always in advance of Britain? Still, purists must fear that the life of Shakespeare will become distorted in obedience to story editors' cries for more and more "motivation," and that—as in some village pageant—great figures (Sir Walt the tobacco man, swearing Kit, Good Queen Bess, penny-pinching Henslowe) will process through the film just because they happened to be Shakespeare's contemporaries. They need not fear too much. The hard-ticket film has come to terms with scholarship, recognizing that no team of studio hacks could improve—for life, fire, drive, horror, sex—on such facts as we have of the story of the Elizabethan stage.

When the project was first announced, my heart leapt at the possibility of all the parts being filled by American actors who could, with no sense of anachronism, use a kind of standard American speech. After all, Shakespeare's English was closer to that of New England than to the language spoken by Queen Elizabeth II. In modern American, whatever the dialect, the whole back area of the lower mouth is cut off from vocalizing. So it was in British English until, as far as we can judge, the later eighteenth century. American *not* and *cot* sound like *nut* and *cut* to modern Englishmen; Shakespeare would have recognized therein sounds of his own. "O that this too too solid flesh would melt," says Hamlet. Elizabethan, or American, audients heard, hear, a phoneme in that *solid* which is closer to *sullied* and *sallied* than the jaw-dropping open O that Britons use today, and hence is delightfully, Empsonianly, ambiguous. The Elizabethan *dance* and *trance* had an American, not an upper-class British, a-phoneme. But my pleas that the film should be used partly to demonstrate the historical origins of the American spoken language were, perhaps rightly, dismissed. Where British listeners to Elizabethan English hear American, American listeners hear Irish, and American actors are not necessarily happy with *sea* pronounced *say* and *mind* approaching *moind*.

It looks, then, as if the sad and glorious story of Shakespeare's life will be told by Shakespeare's fellow countrymen. An interesting parlor game is to attempt to cast the film. I am not attempting to be coy and conceal studio casting decisions, because none has as yet been made. But it's interesting to note how many great and knightly names may not be considered, for the simple reason that the Shakespeare story is mostly one about young men who grow middle-aged, not people who start off in the full seasoned maturity of a Guinness or an Olivier, or even a Richard Burton. But there seems to be only one possible choice for Ben Jonson, and that is Peter Ustinov. Damn it, I've been told, he *looks* like Ben Jonson.

At least, with a British-troped production, there's no great danger of a *ye olde* travesty of British life. I'd assumed, until this very year, that such travestying was no longer possible, since British art had been influencing America as much as American had been influencing Britain. But, traveling home from Los Angeles by a very fine

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airline (one that has given British commercial television the two finest commercials of all time), I got a shock. It was announced that, as far as Chicago, the service would reproduce some of the finest characteristics of the British way of life—not, said the brochure, the old stuffy what-what-old-boy pain-in-the-ass that Britain is supposed to be, but something closer to the spirit of *Tom Jones* (meaning the film). The almost edible air stewardesses were accordingly dressed in micro-skirts, oo-la-la fishnet stockings, and yeoman-of-the-guard ruffs. The chief stewardess asked me, since I was British, if she should start the ball by announcing "Good morning, lads and lasses." I told her no. After the mandatory glass of champagne we had strong Milwaukee beer (ye olde Englisshe ayle) in plastic tankards. The menu had deviled lobster pub-style (I have never met a pub that served deviled lobster any style) and also curried chicken as-beloved-by-the-Light-Brigade. But the Light Brigade never served in India, where curry comes from, and its commander, Lord Cardigan, shivered with rage at the mere mention of the Indian Army. Perhaps I'm being too pedantic now, the scholar getting the better of the show-biz man.

Asked what dressing I would like with my lettuce, I told my charming inquirer to sit down while I told her a little story (this must have been the Milwaukee brew at work). She sat down dubiously; I asked her if she had heard of Dr. Johnson. No. Well, then, Dr. Johnson was the great British lexicographer. Huh? Dr. Johnson said this about lettuce: wash it, dry it, season it well with salt, pepper, oil and vinegar. Yes? And then throw it away. Why, she wanted to know, did he suggest throwing it away if he had first suggested taking so much trouble with it? Go away, girl, and leave me to my remarkedly insipid and patently uncurried chicken. Let me (hic) brood on the gap (God bless Milwaukee) that subsists still (and again) between our two cultures. Huh?

From England itself there seems to be little to report, except that the economic troubles continue and that wage restraints are only enforceable on workers incapable of holding the public to ransom with go-slows and lock-outs. Thus, the railways are just recovering from a crippling work-to-rule, ended by the making of wage concessions that run counter to the spirit of match-money-to-productivity. The spirit of London itself, this spring and summer, has been mild, gentle, unmarked by sectarian or racial violence. Because a Sikh bus conductor on London Transport was permitted to wear his turban at work, his fellows clocked on in a large variety of personal headgear—deerstalkers, toques, the lot. This is as far as sectarian protest goes. The students have had a go at demonstrating student power, whatever that is, but on nothing like the epic scale exhibited in Paris and Berlin. Americans who find England sleepy are, it seems, right. Englishmen are finding England sleepy too. I, for one, am waking up.

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REAPPRAISALS: I

Alkali Dust in Your Eyes

MARGARET MARSHALL

A Study in Scarlet by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has the distinction of being the book in which the character of Sherlock Holmes is given to the world. It also contains towering evidence of Sir Arthur's inventive power in another field—evidence that has not been sufficiently recognized and that probably struck me between the eyes only because I was born, brought up, and baptized a Mormon in "The Country of the Saints" where Part 2 is mainly set.

Part 1, of course, is laid in London. In the early pages the momentous introduction takes place. There follows the dazzling display of deduction by which Sherlock Holmes not only identifies Jefferson Hope as the destroyer of Enoch Drebber and Joseph Stangerson but also lures him to the very hearth of the house in Baker Street.

It is in Part 2, as Jefferson reveals the story and the motivation of his long search for vengeance against Drebber and Stangerson, that the scene shifts to the new world.

In case you have forgotten the story:

On the fourth of May, 1847, a "solitary traveller" is standing on a mountain slope in North America. Facing eastward he contemplates the "dreary view" of a great alkali plain. The traveler is John Ferrier. He is not quite solitary. Slung over his shoulder is a large bundle, which turns out to contain a girl of five. Her name, we learn later, is Lucy (it had to be, given Wordsworth). We discover as we read the conversation between the two that they are the only survivors of a party that had set out for the far West from Illinois and had lost its way.

To be sure, Lucy doesn't talk like a child from Illinois. "Then mother's a deader too," she cries at one point. Clearly she is of English stock, as so many Americans are, and the child of parents who have preserved their cockney heritage.

John Ferrier and the child Lucy have survived, but they won't survive long because they have neither food nor water. Both of them know it. So do three buzzards that circle over the heads of the two wanderers and then settle upon some rocks overlooking them. John Ferrier and Lucy pray together. "The prayer finished, they resumed their seat in the shadow of the boulder until the child fell asleep, nestling on the broad breast of her protector." Finally John Ferrier, too, falls into a deep sleep, his last sleep.

But no. As John and Lucy sleep, there rises upon the extreme eastern verge of the alkali plain a little spray of dust. It becomes a cloud. And finally we see that a huge caravan is crossing the desert.

> But what a caravan! When the head of it had reached the base of the mountains, the rear was not yet visible on the horizon. Right across the enormous plain stretched the straggling array, wagons and carts, men on horseback, and men on foot. Innumerable women who staggered along under burdens, and children who toddled beside the wagons or peeped out from under the white coverings. . . . At the head

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of the column there rose a score or more of grave, iron-faced men, clad in sombre home-spun garments and armed with rifles. On reaching the base of the bluff they halted, and held a short council. . . .

"The wells are to the right, my brothers," said one. . . .

"To the right of the Sierra Blanco—so we shall reach the Rio Grande," said another.

"Fear not for water," cried a third. "He who could draw it from the rocks will not now abandon His own chosen people."

You're right. It's the Mormons on their way to Zion in Utah Territory.

As the caravan is about to resume its journey, one of the youngest and keenest-eyed of the company utters an exclamation and points at the rugged crag above them. From its summit flutters a wisp of pink. A group of young men ascend the slope and find John Ferrier and Lucy. (As they appear, the buzzards flap sullenly away.)

Ferrier comments on the size of the caravan—"there seems to be a powerful lot of ye." "Nigh unto ten thousand," says one of the young men; "We are the persecuted children of God—the chosen of the Angel Moroni."

It's a stunning scene, and not less so considering the facts Sir Arthur had, or could have had, to start with. The Mormons who found the Ferriers could only have been the advance company under Brigham Young that reached Salt Lake Valley on July 24, 1847. Which means that Sir Arthur not only moved the Rio Grande several hundred miles north and west of its course but also invented, on the spot, all but seventy-three wagons, one hundred and forty-three men, three women, and two children of that mighty caravan of "nigh unto ten thousand."

The Ferriers are taken down from the crag. They are then conducted to a wagon "conspicuous for its great size and for the gaudiness and smartness of its appearance. . . . Beside the driver there sat a man . . . whose massive head and resolute expression marked him as a leader."

Brigham Young, for it is he, lays down the conditions on which the Ferriers will be carried to safety.

"If we take you with us," he says, "it can only be as believers in our own creed. We shall have no wolves in our fold. Better far that your bones should bleach in this wilderness than that you should prove to be that little speck of decay which in time corrupts the whole fruit. Will you come with us on these terms?"

"Guess I'll come with you on any terms," says Ferrier.

And so John and Lucy—the girl will henceforth be known as Lucy Ferrier—go along with the Mormons. The years pass. John is a good Mormon except in one respect—he refuses to take wives. He's also industrious and shrewd and he waxes rich. As for his foster daughter Lucy, who is also of course a Mormon, she grows into "as fair a specimen of American girlhood as could be found in the whole Pacific slope" and is known as "the flower of Utah." Lucy is an accomplished horsewoman. A fearless one as well, and it is her recklessness in urging her mustang through a great drove of cattle that leads her into a near-fatal accident. She is rescued by "a tall, savage-looking young fellow . . . clad in the rough dress of a hunter." Thus Lucy meets young Jefferson Hope, who has been prospecting for silver in the Nevada mountains and has come to Salt Lake City to raise capital to work some lodes he knows about. It turns out that Jefferson's father and John Ferrier had known each other back in St. Louis. (Sir Arthur observes the proprieties.) By the time Jefferson leaves for another tour in the mountains, he and Lucy have become engaged.

Soon after Jefferson's departure Brigham Young makes a call on John Ferrier at the Ferriers' "roomy villa" on the "high road" a little way out of Salt Lake City. After twitting Ferrier on his refusal to take wives, Brigham comes to the reason for his visit. He tells Ferrier that the Sacred Council of Four has decided that Lucy must marry. She may choose, he says, between Enoch Drebber and Joseph Stangerson (both of whom, needless to say, have several wives already). Ferrier pleads Lucy's youth. Brigham ignores this plea but tells Ferrier that

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she shall have a month in which to choose. Ferrier decides that the only way to save Lucy from a Mormon harem is to "shin out of Utah." He manages to get a message through to Jefferson Hope, and Jefferson arrives, at night and secretly, in the nick of time.

"To-morrow is your last day," says Jefferson, after he has been apprised of the situation, "and unless you act tonight you are lost. I have a mule and two horses waiting in the Eagle Ravine. . . . We must push for Carson City through the mountains. You had best wake Lucy. It is as well that the servants do not sleep in the house."

The fugitives pack a few things, including John Ferrier's store of money, some food, and a stoneware jar filled with water—Jefferson knows by experience that the "mountain wells" are few and far between. Meanwhile he outlines their course:

> The front and back entrances are watched, but with caution we may get through the side window and across the fields. Once on the road, we are only two miles from the Ravine where the horses are waiting. By daybreak we should be halfway through the mountains.

They succeed in evading the watchers. "Once on the high road, they made rapid progress. . . . Before reaching the town the hunter branched away into a rugged and narrow footpath which led to the mountains. Two dark, jagged peaks loomed above them through the darkness, and the defile which led between them was the Eagle Cañon in which the horses were awaiting them." They find the animals and the journey through the mountains begins.

"It was a bewildering route," says Sir Arthur, and it was bewildering indeed to one who, like myself, had lived for several years in Salt Lake City. Carson City, Nevada, lies a bit south but mainly west of Zion's capital; but immediately west of Salt Lake City there aren't any mountains, just flats, more flats, alkali and salt, and then Great Salt Lake. Some twenty miles out the Oquirrhs rise, but there's enough room between the Oquirrhs and the Lake to allow for the passage of a branch of the Western Pacific Railroad, let alone two horses and a mule. About the same distance out there are some mountains to the north, but they are *in* the Lake, on Antelope Island. Still, Sir Arthur's account of the rugged terrain the fugitives plunged into just outside Salt Lake City is so circumstantial and detailed that I couldn't doubt it was mountains we were going through. "On the one side a great crag towered up a thousand feet or more, black, stern, and menacing, with long basaltic columns upon its rugged surface like the ribs of some petrified monster. On the other . . . a wild chaos of boulders and debris. . . ."

The question was: What mountains?

There is a range of mountains just outside Salt Lake City—the Wasatch Mountains, but they are due *east* of the city, in a direction about as opposite from Nevada as you could get. Obviously, I said to myself, Jefferson Hope in his extremity has decided on a roundabout route. We'll go east through the Wasatch and skirt the Uintas, pick up the Green River, go down it to the Colorado, follow the course of that bucking stream through the northwestern corner of Arizona, cross Lake Mead and strike Nevada in the vicinity of Las Vegas. It would certainly be roundabout, and hard, and we'd still be a long way from Carson City, but I had to admit that it was calculated to throw off pursuers and I couldn't help reflecting with a twinge of regional pride that it would also give Jefferson Hope a chance to show the Ferriers a great sweep of our magnificent Western scenery, to which I was sure Sir Arthur would do full justice. Including the Grand Canyon.

I had barely arrived at this solution and prepared myself for the longest trip from Utah to Nevada in the annals of Western American history when we were hailed by a Mormon sentinel.

> [The travelers] had reached the very wildest and most desolate portion of the pass when the girl gave a startled cry and pointed upwards. On a rock which overlooked the track, showing out dark and plain against the sky, there stood a solitary sentinel . . . and his military

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challenge of "Who goes there?" rang through the silent ravine.

I was astounded when Jefferson gave the whole game away, as I thought, by calling back, "Travellers for Nevada." I was even more astounded when the sentinel—after Jefferson had also called out some Mormon passwords he had picked up—allowed us to proceed. It was clear to me that a Mormon sentinel, even an imaginary one, couldn't fail to be suspicious of people wandering around in the Wasatch yet claiming to be travelers for Nevada. And it was when he let us pass that I realized that the mountains we were crossing were not the Wasatch but a massif newly created.

From then on I stopped worrying and just watched the creator at work, and I've seldom got as much satisfaction out of a trip through real mountains as I did out of traveling with Jefferson Hope and the Ferriers through the gorges of Sir Arthur's imagination.

It wasn't easy going. "All night their course lay through intricate defiles and over irregular and rockstrewn paths. More than once they lost their way, but Hope's intimate knowledge of the mountains enabled them to regain the track once more." Still, there were compensations. "When morning broke, a scene of marvellous though savage beauty lay before them. In every direction the great snow-capped peaks hemmed them in, peeping over each other's shoulders to the far horizon. . . . The magnificent spectacle cheered the hearts of the . . . fugitives and gave them fresh energy."

For all Jefferson's intimate knowledge of the mountains, he had miscalculated in saying that we would be halfway through them by daylight, for we were among them all that day and spent the night "at the base of a beetling crag where the rocks offered some protection from the chill wind." By that time, Jefferson figured, we were more than thirty miles from our enemies, but he insisted that there was still danger and we were on the move again before daylight.

Came the middle of the second day and we were still in the mountains—as you can see, Sir Arthur's range was tremendous.

It was at this point that difficulties arose. Provisions were running out and Jefferson had to leave his companions for a few hours while he foraged for game. Before he left, he saw to it that the Ferriers would be comfortable during his absence. And in noting Jefferson's solicitude, Sir Arthur inserted a statistic—you know his passion for facts—which to an old Western mountain hand like myself was even more interesting, if less inspiring, than his description of snowcapped peaks at sunrise.

"Choosing a sheltered nook, he piled together a few dry branches and made a blazing fire at which his companions might warm themselves, for they were now nearly five thousand feet above the sea level and the air was bitter and keen."

This statement fascinated me on two counts. In the first place, I had the distinct impression that we had been climbing steadily but surely for the better part of two days—yet the nook where Jefferson built the fire was, I now learned, scarcely 734 feet higher than Salt Lake City itself whose altitude, if I may indulge my own passion for facts, is 4,266 feet; in the second place, the time was early August and I was amazed that at midday in midsummer it should be so infernal cold at a mere five thousand feet. (In Denver, Colorado, which is a mile high, the temperature on August 4, 1968, was ninety-one degrees.) But perhaps I should allow for the difference in time—after all, Sir Arthur was writing in the last century.

Alas! the Avenging Angels caught up with the Ferriers while Jefferson was out hunting. They murdered John and buried him in a grave that bore the inscription:

JOHN FERRIER
FORMERLY OF SALT LAKE CITY
Died August 4th, 1860

They took Lucy and the animals with them.

Nobody could have been sorrier than I, not only because John was dead and Lucy

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had been whisked off to a fate worse than death but also because their capture cut short my own exploration of those extraordinary, not to say extra, mountains in my native state. I should have liked to see more of them, but at least I saw enough to appreciate Sir Arthur's achievement. The Mormons may have made the desert blossom as the rose; it took a Conan Doyle to make the Great Salt Lake Desert grow a range of mountains as remarkable as any you will find on the map.

The human topography seemed to me as extraordinary as the mountains Sir Arthur summoned up. And I was interested to find a comment on this point in Anthony Boucher's review in the *New York Times Book Review* of *The Annotated Sherlock Holmes* by William S. Baring-Gould, recently published.

. . . hesitantly, one suggests that the . . . two internal novels on American affairs (concerning the Mormons in "A Study in Scarlet" and the Molly Maguires rechristened "The Scowerers" in "The Valley of Fear") badly need further annotation. In both instances, Doyle derived his material from prejudiced and unreliable sources. The case for the defense deserves to be heard.

I offer no case for the defense. After all, I used to be a Mormon and would hardly qualify as a reliable and unprejudiced witness. Instead, I rest content with a reflection that pleases me very much. Both Sir Arthur and Brigham Young believed staunchly in the afterlife, and I am willing to give them the benefit of the doubt. I am sure that they have met long since—neither would have wanted to miss the other—and I think I can count on Brigham to take care of himself.

Stephen Crane

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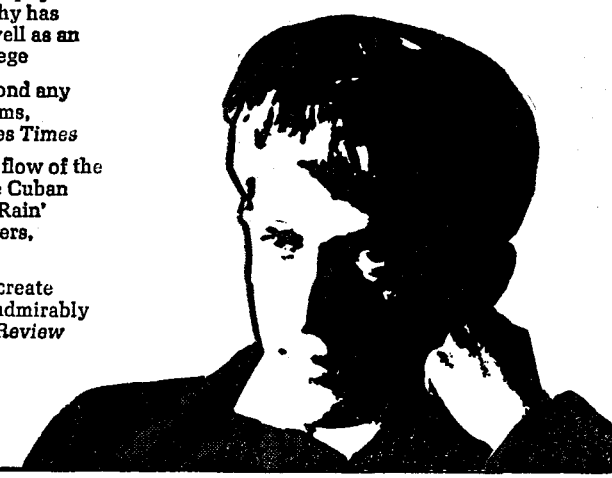

George Braziller

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REAPPRAISALS: II

Giovanni and the Governess

CHARLES THOMAS SAMUELS

To its author in 1908, "The Turn of the Screw" was designedly "an *amusette* to catch those not easily caught." As the context makes indisputable, James meant by this phrase a tale of horror so exquisitely fashioned that it would frighten those whose hairs lie resolutely still and whose flesh never crawls. By 1924, however, the amusette had become a downright joke. Reading it ironically and out of context, Edna Kenton took the phrase as proof that James intended not an emotional but an intellectual trap and that he had written not a thriller about ghosts but the character study of a depraved little governess. Ten years later, when Edmund Wilson brought Miss Kenton's essay before an audience enlarged by his superior powers, the governess became literally neurotic and the joke was now on James.

Since then, the tale that James crowed over as a "cold artistic calculation" has been regarded instead as "the figure in the carpet" (suggesting, among other things, the dangers of phrasemaking). But the figure is not Freud's; it is Hawthorne's.

Everyone knows that James was deeply influenced by Hawthorne, but only Marius Bewley has had the audacity to insist that the influence amounted to nearly programmatic revision and that it went beyond such early trifles as "The Romance of Certain Old Clothes." Whether or not James was consciously programmatic, *The Bostonians* translates *The Blithedale Romance*, and Bewley's assertion, conjectural though it be, is a sharp critical tool. One or two critics have suggested that "Rappaccini's Daughter" bears some relationship to "The Turn of the Screw," but no one has yet used this suggestion to interpret the more famous work.*

The parallel is immediately plausible. Each tale concerns a young impressionable provincial away from home for the first time. In Hawthorne, the hero—Giovanni Guasconti—has come "from the more southern region of Italy, to pursue his studies at the University of Padua"; in James, we find the governess, "a parson's daughter," on her first job. In each tale the hero finds himself amidst surroundings that are rich, Edenic and sinister: Giovanni meets evil in a garden adjacent to a palace while the governess hunts it about the gracious house and grounds of Bly. Evil, in both tales, despite differing sources, has transformed and blighted innocence: the innocence of Rappaccini's daughter and of the children whose charge the governess has assumed. Determined to rescue innocence, both Giovanni and the governess attempt to vanquish evil. Each fails. Giovanni poisons Beatrice Rappaccini, and in the arms of the governess the heart of little Miles, "dispossessed," stops.

Moreover, the critical history of each tale contains identical phases: an early

✪ CHARLES THOMAS SAMUELS, who teaches at Williams College, has published criticism and reviews in many magazines, including *Life*, the *New Republic*, the *Nation* and the *Hudson Review*. Part of this essay will appear in the preface to a book in progress on Henry James.

* So far as I can tell, the link was first suggested by Nathan Bryllion Fagin in 1941 (*Modern Language Notes*, 196-202). Mr. Fagin, however, also suggests a source in "Young Goodman Brown."

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simplistic reading, and a later interpretation that is more or less a reversal. Until about 1955, according to Hyatt Waggoner, most critics took Hawthorne's story as a companion to "The Birthmark," another of his frequent attacks on intellectual presumption. In Rappaccini's design to free Beatrice from "the condition of a weak woman, exposed to all evil and capable of none," critics rightly perceived an attempt to simulate creation. That Rappaccini rather blights than strengthens his plants and that his efforts help rather to shorten than to enhance his daughter's life are the built-in judgments of his blasphemy. As Beatrice dies, Baglioni shouts at "the thunderstricken" Rappaccini, "is *this* the upshot of your experiment!" thus neatly corroborating the conventional interpretation.

By that reading Giovanni is the vehicle, however unaware, of divine justice. Yet before Beatrice dies she charges him with devilry:

> "Farewell, Giovanni! Thy words of hatred are like lead within my heart, but they, too, will fall away as I ascend. Oh, was there not, from the first, more poison in thy nature than in mine?"

Beatrice's ascension (the Dante allusion now became apparent) implied Giovanni's damnation, at least on Hawthorne's scale of values, and critics now professed surprise that anyone could have failed to designate Giovanni as the true villain in the first place (just as Miss Kenton and Edmund Wilson framed their interpretations with a tone of polite incredulity at previous imperception).

Henry James seems to have perceived the complexity of "Rappaccini's Daughter," for in his little study of Hawthorne he had placed this tale with the masterpieces and "The Birthmark" with those stiff Hawthornesque parables in which "the kernel has not assimilated its envelope." James never tells us what might have interested him in "Rappaccini's Daughter," but we can see. The meaning of Hawthorne's brief masterwork adumbrates the meaning of James's great puzzler, and its art, so different in style, provided James with a classic example of oblique expression demanding the reader's rapt scrutiny.

When we first read "Rappaccini's Daughter," we are struck by the doubts that Hawthorne casts over its action; on second reading these doubts establish Giovanni's evil. What Hawthorne amiably introduces as a "tendency to heartbreak natural to a young man for the first time out of his native sphere" is, we now realize, the key to Giovanni's morbid interpretations and final murder. Romantic and unworldly as he is, "the Eden of the present world" confounds him. Lured by its color, he is simultaneously repelled; his curiosity, undisciplined by experience, lacks stability, and he vacillates between raging passion and stark terror. The "garden [is] made . . . fertile of mysteries [by] his dreams," "draughts of wine . . . bewilder his senses," and he finds evil everywhere. Yet Hawthorne continually reminds us that he lacks ocular proof (each time he sees Beatrice in the act of destruction he is too distant to be certain); moreover, Hawthorne asserts that ocular proof is less certain than faith. ("There is something truer and more real than what we can see with the eyes and touch with the finger.") Finally, Giovanni's single witness, Baglioni, has ample reason to lie about Rappaccini, since they are bitter rivals. It does not matter that his accusations are essentially true; they are motivated by self-interest and, to that extent, impugn Giovanni for heeding them.

Beatrice's nature is radically ambiguous. It is a question not only for Giovanni but for us. That Giovanni answers the question unequivocally, although we cannot, makes him quite clear. He presumes that because Rappaccini is wicked (which is true) and because the garden is tainted (as Beatrice confirms), Beatrice, who is the garden's admitted double, must also be depraved. The presumption is perfectly rational; Giovanni is a scholar. It is merely false; Giovanni lacks faith. He sees only the world's perplexing surface; lacking faith because he cannot love, he cannot see below the surface where all contradictions merge in compassionate synthesis.

Early in the tale, before the garden is explicitly compared with Eden, Hawthorne describes a ruined marble fountain at its

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center. The fountain is "so wofully shattered that it was impossible to trace the original design for the chaos of remaining fragments. The water, however, continued to gush and sparkle into the sunbeams as cheerfully as ever." Nearby, and fed by the fountain's water, is a resplendent purple plant, poisonous as it is gorgeous, to which Beatrice is repeatedly compared. Indeed, Giovanni persists in seeing her as the sister of this seductive and dangerous flower. Yet when Beatrice begs him to believe in her purity despite the poison that her body exhales "[h]er spirit gushed out before him like a fresh rill that was just catching its first glimpse of the sunlight." Beatrice is the poisonous flower, but she is also the generative fountain that combines earth and heaven.

The fountain symbolizes the source of life ruined by history (the Fall) but retaining nonetheless some semblance of its divine origin. In Beatrice, the human image of the fountain, Hawthorne reminds us that the source of life is sex: "She looked redundant with life, health, and energy; all of which attributes were bound down and compressed, as it were, and girdled tensely, in their luxuriance, by her virgin zone." Fallen woman that she is, tampered with by her father's pride, Beatrice, like the fountain, retains some essential purity. Her luxuriance is the sexuality of a virgin; although her breath may be fatal, her soul breathes love. But Giovanni cannot bear her ambiguity.*

He follows her, at first, not merely with longing but with "intense and painful curiosity," yearning to "know" her in both senses of the word. "It is not love," Hawthorne warns, "although her rich beauty was a madness to him; nor horror, even while he fancied her spirit to be imbued with the same baneful essence that seemed to pervade her physical frame; but a wild offspring of both love and horror that had each parent in it, and burned like one and shivered like the other." Giovanni suffers the classic chills and fever, while Hawthorne prophesies: "Blessed are all simple emotions, be they dark or bright! It is the lurid intermixture of the two that produces the illuminating blaze of the infernal regions."

Beatrice inspires confusion in her lover: her sensuality fills him with terror and desire; her tenderness, because she is also sensual, fills him with longing and fear. Burning in his hellish doubt, he is once again aided by Baglioni, who gives him a potion designed to purify but destined to destroy. Lacking the love that alone would banish "earthly doubts," Giovanni brings Beatrice, the ruined fountain, a liquid of his own. Significantly, Beatrice can love. Fearing that Baglioni's potion might be poison, she drinks it first, to protect Giovanni. Drinking it, she dies, as Giovanni, his revulsion now precisely matching his desire, begs to "join . . . lips in one kiss of unutterable hatred." Beatrice's evil could not destroy her purity, but Giovanni, in his lust for purity, turned himself into a beast. Implicit in his need to resolve her ambiguity was a ruthless denial of her life. For the romantic purist, ambiguity is sin and both must be destroyed.

By putting together the traditional and revisionist readings we can see that Giovanni's "love" is as deadly as Rappaccini's science. Each lacks the intellectual poise and emotional compassion that a fallen world requires. Each denies life's value, supreme despite life's flaws, in order to assert a pride-maddened vision of perfection. By seeking to alter the girl, each man has augmented the ruins that mar but cannot choke the fountain; in Beatrice's last speech the sullied stream of life gushes forth.

Whether or not James recognized the scope of Hawthorne's masterpiece, he imitated its achievement. At the same time he worked changes on its theme that give "The Turn of the Screw" a power to fascinate that Hawthorne never had.

James repeatedly criticized Hawthorne for his unbridled fancy, his penchant for allegory, regarded by James as "quite one of the lighter exercises of the imagination." To begin with, then, James gave earthliness

* See Frederick C. Crews ("Giovanni's Garden," *American Quarterly*, Fall 1964, 402-418) for a Freudian reading of the tale, which recalls Wilson's reading of "The Turn of the Screw."

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to Hawthorne's theme by grounding it in the ordinary. From Hawthorne's vague, exotic Padua with its luxuriant garden and ceremonial Italians speaking archaisms embarrassing outside a romance, James moves to an English country house whose terrors, straight though they come from the governess' *Mysteries of Udolpho,* are nevertheless domesticated by James's absolute mastery of colloquial speech and English mannerism. Whereas, despite ironic subtleties, Hawthorne could not keep from stating his ideas, James hides behind a mask so that the reader is forced to fear and interpret. And whereas Hawthorne depicts evil as a potion and some poisonous blooms, James knew that truly to appall evil must be blank:

> Only make the reader's general vision of evil intense enough . . . and his own experience, his own imagination, his own sympathy (with the children) and horror (of their false friends) will supply him quite sufficiently with all the particulars . . . make him think it for himself, and you are released from weak specifications.

By giving his story a natural frame and by leaving his terrors vague, James was appealing to something as universal as a fear of dark corners and as irresistible as the need to peer into them. By removing himself from the action, he was screwing the mystery to the breaking point. The final turn of the screw, quite unlike Hawthorne, was his decision to make the victim of good and evil not a young, articulate girl but younger, sheltered children. Beatrice confesses her evil as she proclaims her innocence, thereby indicting both Rappaccini's pride and Giovanni's prurience. Miles and Flora proclaim nothing, so that readers have seen them as vessels of ghostly wickedness cracked inadvertently despite the governess' good intentions, or as innocent victims of her delusionary fears. When we recall Hawthorne's parallel, however, the story argues against both notorious views.

Its central character is more quickly and pointedly defined than he is in Hawthorne. Like Giovanni sighing "heavily" as he looks round the room whose former occupant "had been pictured by Dante . . . [in] his Inferno," the governess "had expected, or had dreaded, something . . . melancholy" at Bly. James then establishes her unformed, although immense, self-consciousness. She speaks with delight of "the long glasses, in which, for the first time, I could see myself from head to foot" and wonders uneasily why, although Mrs. Grose is glad to see her, she is "positively on her guard against showing it too much."*

Her abortive romance with the master of Harley Street illustrates not only unfulfilled longing but her callow, absurd conceit. "You *will* be carried away by the little gentleman!" Mrs. Grose beams, talking of Miles. And the governess replies:

> "Well, that, I think, is what I came for—to be carried away. I'm afraid, however," I remember feeling the impulse to add, "I'm rather easily carried away. I was carried away in London!"
>
> I can still see Mrs. Grose's broad face as she took this in. "In Harley Street?"
>
> "In Harley Street."
>
> "Well, Miss, you're not the first—and you won't be the last."
>
> "Oh, I've no pretension," I could laugh, "to being the only one."

She may be unaware of the sexual nuance in "carried away," but she is quite conscious of her proud sensitivity to slight. "I could laugh" acknowledges a temporary triumph of humility. By the end of the first chapter, however, pride reasserts itself along with her childish imagination, and she has the "view of a castle of romance inhabited by a rosy sprite . . . a building . . . in which I had the fancy of our being almost as lost as a handful of passengers in a great drifting ship. Well, I was, strangely, at the helm!" Thus is born a sense of power. The little parson's daughter is about to occupy a place formerly denied by fortune but now confidently accepted with a tremor of delight.

The governess is a good little bourgeoise,

* Like Hawthorne, James makes use of self-examination to suggest egotism. Note that Giovanni's suspicions about Beatrice coincide with incipient narcissism. Before he kills her, he gazes fondly at his image in a mirror. Immediately afterward he kills a spider by breathing on it.

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hell-bent to establish her place in the eye of God: laudable and ludicrous, sympathetic and sinister, like all of her type. I am surprised that in the mass of criticism on James's story no one has discussed its humor. Yet the fables written at the same time, which are inevitably mentioned in connection with "The Turn of the Screw"—*What Maisie Knew*, "In the Cage" and *The Sacred Fount*—all mix grotesque humor with horror and pathos. And in all these works the humor comes from precisely that combination of social and intellectual pretentiousness that the governess demonstrates to so poignantly laughable a degree.

In "Rappaccini's Daughter," Giovanni's suspicions about Beatrice are confirmed by the jealous Baglioni and thus made the object of our doubts. Here Mrs. Grose plays Baglioni to the governess' diabolical surmises, but she is too stolid and maladroit for the part she is asked to play. As a consequence, the governess is forced constantly to cue her in. From this circumstance James wrings his most exquisite humor and points up most sharply the absurd pride of place and intellect that makes the governess a danger, for all her strenuous virtue. The tale is filled with moments of a wild and terrible comedy.

"Of what other things have you got hold?" the poor old housekeeper, on one occasion, breathlessly asks. The governess responds:

> "Why, of the very things that have delighted, fascinated, and yet, at bottom, as I now so strangely see, mystified and troubled me. Their more than earthly beauty, their absolutely unnatural goodness. It's a game," I went on; "it's a policy and a fraud!"
>
> "On the part of little darlings—?"
>
> "As yet mere lovely babies? Yes, mad as that seems!" The very act of bringing it out really helped me to trace it—follow it all up and piece it all together. "They haven't been good—they've only been absent. It has been easy to live with them, because they're simply leading a life of their own. They're not mine—they're not ours. They're his and they're hers!"
>
> "Quint's and that woman's?"
>
> "Quint's and that woman's. They want to get to them."
>
> Oh, how, at this, poor Mrs. Grose appeared to study them! "But for what?"
>
> "For the love of all the evil that, in those dreadful days, the pair put into them. And to ply them with that evil still, to keep up the work of demons, is what brings the others back."
>
> "Laws!" said my friend under her breath. The exclamation was homely, but it revealed a real acceptance of my further proof. . .

The governess is always having to "press" Mrs. Grose, to supply the right word, to help the old woman make things out. When Mrs. Grose falters at the enormous suppositions required of her, the governess consoles, "You do know, you dear thing . . . only you haven't my dreadful boldness of mind, and you keep back, out of timidity and modesty and delicacy. . ." The illiterate Mrs. Grose cannot derive evidence of Miles's corruption from the headmaster's letter, and she cannot see the ghosts. When, at last, she comes in triumph with a contribution to the governess' burgeoning theory of childish vice, it turns out simply to be the news that Flora had called the governess names.

Yet through her ability to bully a frightened, ignorant, old servant into a vision of "depths, depths," the governess derives absolute confirmation of her position. Her virtue she confirms merely through a walk round the house:

> . . . I could take a turn into the grounds and enjoy, almost with a sense of property that amused and flattered me, the beauty and dignity of the place. It was a pleasure at these moments to feel myself tranquil and justified; doubtless, perhaps, also to reflect that by my discretion, my quiet good sense and general high propriety, I was giving pleasure—if he ever thought of it!—to the person to whose pressure I had responded. What I was doing was what he had earnestly hoped and directly asked of me, and that I *could*, after all, do it proved even a greater joy than I had expected.

The governess' sense of a fineness placing her above social status eventually triumphs even over her well-respected employer. "He was not a trouble-loving gentleman," she ultimately decides, "nor so very particular about some of the company he kept."

Quick as she is to affirm her excellence,

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she is always on the lookout for her great chance. This the ghosts provide.

I do not mean by this, however, to question the existence of Miss Jessel and Quint. Save for a metaphysics alien to the tale, they exist—because the governess sees them. Moreover, James definitely establishes a measure of independence for them when the governess describes Quint correctly before she learns from Mrs. Grose what she has seen. The ghosts in "The Turn of the Screw" are no less real than Rappaccini's poisonous plants. They are evil, given for the moment a terrifying objectivity, yet come as if in answer to a deep personal need: proving ground for a soul.

What they let the governess prove is the lesson of Giovanni: that good, like evil, is an abstraction threatening the shaded substance of humanity. When once the governess gets hold of the idea that Miles and Flora, who look so good, might also be evil, she determines to make them unambiguously one. In addition, if unschooled and unaided, a woman and a social inferior, she can purify the great house that her employer has left so reprehensibly untended, how much will her own virtue shine forth. "I dare say," she concludes on that momentous walk through the grounds, "I fancied myself . . . a remarkable young woman and took comfort in the faith that this would more publicly appear."

With terrible irony, however, what more and more appears from the governess' ruthless pursuit of indivisible virtue is the doubleness of her own nature. For her, as for Giovanni, allurements are simultaneously snares. "I learnt something," she says, speaking of the early days at Bly, "that had not been one of the teachings of my small, smothered life; learnt to be amused, and even amusing, and not to think for the morrow. . . . space and air and freedom, all the music of summer and all the mystery of nature. . . . Oh, it was a trap—not designed, but deep—to my imagination, to my delicacy, perhaps to my vanity; to whatever, in me, was most excitable. . . . I was off my guard."

Threatened though she feels, she awaits Miles's return from school with "a curiosity that . . . was to deepen almost to pain," the same frightened longing with which Giovanni pursued Rappaccini's daughter. Again, James underlines the governess' prudishness with comedy. Worrying over the headmaster's note, the governess asks Mrs. Grose to declare that she has never known Miles to be bad. "Oh," Mrs. Grose protests, "never known him—I don't pretend *that!*"

> I was upset again. "Then you *have* known him—?"
>
> "Yes indeed, Miss, thank God!"
>
> On reflection I accepted this. "You mean that a boy who never is—?"
>
> "Is no boy for *me!*"
>
> I held her tighter. "You like them with the spirit to be naughty?" Then, keeping pace with her answer, "So do I!" I eagerly brought out. "But not to the degree to contaminate—"
>
> "To contaminate?"—my big word left her at a loss. I explained it. "To corrupt."
>
> She stared, taking my meaning in; but it produced in her an odd laugh. "Are you afraid he'll corrupt *you?*" She put the question with such a fine bold humour that, with a laugh, a little silly doubtless, to match her own, I gave way for the time to the apprehension of ridicule.
>
> But the next day . . . I cropped up in another place.

Forgetting the absurdity in her fear of a ten-year-old boy, the governess prepares, as she awaits her charge, for a great moral test. When he arrives, his beauty and apparent freedom from evil or suffering become themselves proofs of his contamination. She imagines herself in Eden, "in charge of a pair of little grandees . . . enclosed and protected . . . [by] a really royal extension of the garden and the park." Yet she simultaneously feels "that hush in which something gathers or crouches. . . . like the spring of a beast."

The beast must spring; to the governess "all futures are rough!" Beautiful and favored as the children are, they must be menaced. Her sense of propriety (the obverse of her careerism) connives with her sense of depravity (the obverse of her romanticism). That is why she is horrified when Quint appears wearing no hat. When

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Mrs. Grose tells her that Quint used to wear the master's clothes, and, although a servant, consorted with Miles, the governess' mind converts breaches of good conduct into proofs of bottomless, demonic evil. Like Giovanni, she jumps to conclusions that, true or not, reflect her prejudices, her needs, her lacks. It seems more than accidental that she becomes certain of Quint's malice immediately after receiving "disturbing letters from home, where things were not going well."

With the threat they pose to the children and the opportunity for heroism they offer the governess, the evil ghosts become as terribly attractive to her as the beautiful children have been repelling. When Giovanni descends to the garden for the last time, ostensibly seeking to purify Beatrice, he spits out in one twisted moment his revulsion and his desire. Just so, the governess more and more pursues the ghosts with a mixture of enmity and pleasure. She thinks of leaving the children as well as them, but she never thinks of leaving with the children or of calling for outside help, for that would mean breaking her connection with the specters. Gradually they become necessary to her: the black that proves her white. When she sees Miss Jessel with Flora at the pond, her horror is mixed with a terrible triumph:

> She was there, and I was justified; she was there, and I was neither cruel nor mad. She was there for poor scared Mrs. Grose, but she was there most for Flora; and no moment of my monstrous time was perhaps so extraordinary as that in which I consciously threw out to her—with the sense that, pale and ravenous demon as she was, she would catch and understand it—an inarticulate message of gratitude.

When Mrs. Grose comes to the governess with her poor scrap of evidence concerning Flora's depravity, the governess shouts, "Oh, thank God!" Mrs. Grose springs up with a groan: "Thank God?" "It so justifies me!" the governess replies.

Like Rappaccini and Giovanni, the ghosts and the governess fight to possess the life that lies between them. Like Rappaccini, the ghosts seek to give their charges the knowledge and power belonging to evil, while the governess, like Giovanni, wishes to claim them for good. But she is no less exploitive than the ghosts and far more deadly. Like Giovanni's, her story speaks an awful irony: the means of virtue are indistinguishable from those of vice when virtue declares itself inexorable. James's title aptly suggests this irony. The phrase that denotes an increase in horror when used in the prologue is used in quite another connection by the governess in her narrative:

> I could only get on at all [she consoles herself] by taking "nature" into my confidence and my account, by treating my monstrous ordeal as a push in a direction unusual, of course, and unpleasant, but demanding, after all, for a fair front, only another turn of the screw of ordinary human virtue.

In "The Turn of the Screw" and "Rappaccini's Daughter" ordinary human virtue is insufficient, and its relentless pursuit is, ironically, a vice.

By reading "The Turn of the Screw" with Hawthorne in mind we exit from the notorious controversy that has surrounded James's thriller since the publication of Wilson's essay. For now we can insist that the governess is essentially flawed without having to judge her an hallucinating neurotic; and this is useful, for, as Wilson originally said, one can't categorically deny that the ghosts are real since the governess was able to describe Quint before she knew of his existence.* My conjectural reading, at least, permits us to deplore the heroine without having to evade her tormentors.

That the governess is unattractive must, by now, be indisputable. Robert Heilman has published an essay that manages her literal salvation, but "*The Turn of the Screw* as Poem" relentlessly ignores the action and deploys its quotations with little regard for their original function in the text. Nevertheless, one hears defenders of

* Wilson admitted getting stuck on this point in his 1948 postscript to "The Ambiguity of Henry James." In his second postscript (1959), he tries to get round the difficulty by endorsing John Silver's theory that the governess heard about Quint, on a trip to the village, from the townspeople.

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the governess from time to time for two principal reasons. First, a good governess makes "The Turn of the Screw" a conventional horror story, and one unambiguous masterpiece by Henry James is doubtless desirable. Second, and connected, James said that a simple horror story is exactly what he had had in mind.

One recalls from the 1908 Preface his exultation at having created a tale "of a perfect homogeneity," a tale "to the very last grain of its virtue, all of a kind; the very kind, as happens, least apt to be baited by earnest criticism . . ." In the light of recent history this remark must wring laughter even from the gods, but its purport is unmistakable. He was equally clear, in an 1898 letter to H. G. Wells, that he had not intended to characterize the governess:

> . . . I had, about my young woman, to take a very sharp line. The grotesque business I had to make her picture and the childish psychology I had to make her trace and present, were, for me at least, a very difficult job, in which absolute lucidity and logic, a singleness of effect, were imperative. Therefore I had to rule out subjective complications of her own—play of tone etc.; and keep her impersonal save for the most obvious and indispensable little note of neatness, firmness and courage—without which she wouldn't have had her data. But the thing is essentially a pot-boiler and a *jeu d'esprit.*

He was still belittling "The Turn of the Screw" in 1900, when he confided to his notebook a plan for *The Sense of the Past:* "The ideal is something as simple as *The Turn of the Screw,* only different and less grossly and merely apparitional."

I quote these well-known comments to keep the evidence before us. It rapidly becomes more confusing. Wilson was quite right in saying that the New York edition preface contains a comment that seems contradictory: "It was 'dèjà très-joli,' in 'The Turn of the Screw,' please believe, the general proposition of our young woman's keeping crystalline her record of so many intense anomalies and obscurities—by which I don't of course mean her explanation of them, a different matter. . ." Moreover, Leon Edel reminds the reader of James's letter to Wells that James had also written in his preface: "We have surely as much of her own nature as we can swallow in watching it reflect her anxieties and inductions."

Either James wished to hide his meaning, as Wilson was inclined to believe, or he wasn't quite sure of it.* Doubts about his mastery of subject in "The Turn of the Screw" are supported by a close examination of the tale. I have pushed the Hawthorne parallel, I think, about as far as it can go; furthermore, it fails to answer some serious questions in the text.

Of these, the most immediate is the prologue. Its opening unequivocally prepares the reader for a creepy horror story, exactly the sort that James said he intended and critics before Miss Kenton and Edmund Wilson had no doubt he achieved. A group of people are seated around the fire on Christmas Eve giving one another refined thrills of terror. One of them, a man named Douglas, finds the tale just told to be "not particularly effective," and two nights later reveals his possession of a story which "[f]or sheer terror" goes "beyond everything." The narrator, who is never identified but might be James, then tells how Douglas brought his tale before them and what the other listeners said about his behavior.

When Douglas declares that he must send to town to procure the governess' manuscript, the narrator engages him in conversation about her. He learns who the governess was, what Douglas knew and thought of her, and that she has never

* In the space of twenty-four lines of a letter to Louis Waldstein (October 21, 1898, published in Percy Lubbock's selection), James reverses himself so often that one can scarcely credit anything he had to say about "The Turn of the Screw." First, he forswears a serious conscious intention; then he claims to have been inspired only by the lesson "that deeply lurks in any vision prompted by life"; next he assures Waldstein that no lesson can exist in a tale so "fantastic" and wanton. Yet he concludes by exclaiming "*But,* of course, where there is life, there's truth, and the truth was at the back of my head . . . ah, the exposure indeed, the helpless plasticity of childhood that isn't dear or sacred to *some*body!" It is symptomatic of James criticism that the last clause has frequently been cited as James's declared intention in "The Turn of the Screw."

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told the story to anyone else. "Because the thing had been such a scare?" the narrator asks. No, Douglas replies, but "[y]ou'll easily judge." "I see," the narrator returns, "She was in love." To this supposition Douglas responds by praising the narrator's acuteness.

From then on, the focus in the prologue is not on horror but on love. It would be tempting to believe that James had gone this far in imitating Hawthorne that he wished to prepare the reader for a tale of love. But I have not pushed the parallel to that extreme, nor do I think it legitimate. The governess, like Giovanni, lacks measure and compassion, but her involvement with the children, unlike his with Beatrice, is in no literal sense erotic. Why then does James spend so much time in the prologue preparing the reader for a subject that is, at most, a marginal issue in the story?

Why, indeed, does he introduce the character of Douglas at all? It is true that Douglas' admiration for the governess tends to authorize her narrative, but James could have done this far more certainly by presenting it himself. Moreover, since we learn from the prologue that there is every reason to suspect that Douglas was in love with the governess, his impartiality and thus his testimonial to her are seriously qualified. The editor of a casebook on the tale James believed invulnerable to serious criticism has even supposed that Douglas is really Miles and that the story plays out their unconsummated love affair. The shock in this proposal is that one can marshall evidence in its behalf.*

All this talk of love raises unnecessary and distracting questions. At least, it tends to throw the reader's interest to the governess and her amatory situation, and this before we have been caught up in her tale of terror. If James had wished to keep her impersonal, a mere device for bringing the reader close to the horrific action, why did he spend so much time and ingenuity supplying her with a veritable network of extraneous erotic relationships?†

The focus of "The Turn of the Screw" is unquestionably on the governess because James himself had placed it there in his prologue. Why then did he insist in letters and notebook entries that the story was about the children and the ghosts, and how could he have felt the need to defend himself from Wells's charge that he had not characterized his central figure? James could have thought his characterization of the governess negligible and in harmony with his intended appeal to the reader's sympathy only on one ground: if he conceived of her as the reader's surrogate, possessing responses absolutely indistinguishable from those an ordinary spectator would have had if brought face-to-face with the terrors of Bly. But was this expectation justified?

If James expected our point of view to merge with the governess', why did he so emphasize her constant self-approval? How can James have not realized that we would be put off by a woman incapable of reporting a conversation without interpolations like "I was incisive" or "I was wonderful"? What insight into reader psychology, which James so prides himself on in his prefaces, does he display here when he asks us to identify with a woman who responds in this way to her trouble:

> . . . I was in these days literally able to find joy in the extraordinary flight of heroism the occasion demanded of me. I now saw that I had been asked for a service admirable and difficult; and there would be a greatness in letting it be seen—oh, in the right quarter!—that I could succeed where many another girl might have failed.

The governess' finger is too continually on her moral pulse to keep us from suspecting her of disease. And how can the diseased act as the reader's surrogate?

* Louis D. Rubin ("One More Turn of the Screw," *Modern Fiction Studies*, Winter 1963-64, 314-328) reiterates this interpretation, and Oscar Cargill ("*The Turn of the Screw* and Alice James," *PMLA*, June, 1963, 238-249) goes him one better. Cargill supposes that the governess' manuscript represents a covert confession of madness aimed at blocking Douglas' persistent attempts to marry her!

† The prologue ends with a piece of mystification so purposeless as to seem a mere trick. "What is your title?" one of the ladies asks. "I haven't one," Douglas replies. "Oh, *I* have," announces the narrator. End of prologue.

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The advantage of the Hawthorne parallel is that it accounts for the governess' disease as her virtue's dark underside. Unfortunately, she also displays something too much like mere vice. When, for example, Miss Jessel reappears all too opportunely just as the governess had thought of flight, she lies about the visitation to Mrs. Grose. She tells Mrs. Grose that Miss Jessel had admitted her torment and proclaimed her demand for Flora, but in the previous chapter in which she describes the scene she does not mention that Miss Jessel spoke.* Even if James wished to make his little governess repel us with her excess of righteousness, why does he let her say that Mrs. Grose "offered her mind to my disclosures as, had I wished to mix a witch's broth and proposed it with assurance, she would have held out a large clean saucepan"? What author coveting attentive readers and all but prodigious in his sense of linguistic nuance could have placed this image in a heroine's mouth? James invited even the sexual interpretation of the governess' motives that Wilson formulated. When she is waiting with Miles in the terrible last scene, she thinks of them "as some young couple who, on their wedding-journey, at the inn, feel shy in the presence of the waiter."

That celebrated confrontation settles nothing. When finally the governess is brought face-to-face with evil over the poor little body she has been trying to save, James is anything but clear on what the scene signifies. Instead he revives all those evidences of pride and selfishness and of obscenely mixed motives that have always disturbed us in the governess, and his language reveals all the unassimilated meanings that gain for "The Turn of the Screw" the most varying and contradictory responses.

* Krishna Baldev Vaid (*Technique in the Tales of Henry James*, Cambridge, 1964) insists that the governess doesn't lie since her reply to Mrs. Grose's query about whether Miss Jessel spoke is: "It came to that." Since she then narrates several of Miss Jessel's statements in their "interview," we can as easily suppose that James wished to alert us to the slightness of the governess' scruples as that he wished to keep her, however technically, veracious.

During the final interview the governess suffers:

> . . . the appalling alarm of his being perhaps innocent. It was for the instant confounding and bottomless, for if he *were* innocent, what then on earth was *I*? Paralysed, while it lasted, by the mere brush of the question, I let him go a little, so that, with a deep-drawn sigh, he turned away from me again; which, as he faced toward the clear window, I suffered, feeling that I had nothing now there to keep him from. . . . I went on after a moment.

The governess forces Miles to pronounce Quint's name, but it is immediately followed by a "convulsed supplication": "Where?" Does Miles see or doesn't he? Has he or has he not acknowledged his corruption? What exactly has the governess done?

When Wilson wrote his essay (can there be any question?—the most important short study of James in English), he erred, despite his basic accuracy, in two particulars. The tactical error of his use of Freud has already been too angrily deplored by others for me to say more than I have. When Wilson moved to the more important consideration of James's ultimate inscrutability, he was once again misled by a wholly psychological explanation. James, he said, was ignorant and afraid of sex, and this gap in his worldly knowledge accounts for the unconscious displacement of meaning that makes him often intolerably ambiguous. In his 1948 postscript to "The Ambiguity of Henry James," Wilson suggested other biographical sources of James's problem, among them the worldly failure that must have "made . . . James . . . doubt his grasp of reality." But his basic argument remains unchanged, and his psychologizing of the author is open to the same objection that greeted his psychologizing of the text.

Yvor Winters, who has written another crucial essay on James, attempted to account for his author's failings by showing that James was a novelist of manners without a definable social organism about which to write. Winters' thesis is brilliantly argued, and it has unconsciously entered the thinking and writing, not only on

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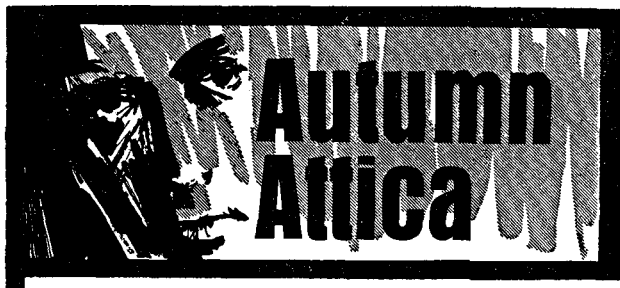

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James but on American literature, of many who repudiate this cantankerous critic. Yet, like Wilson's, it is extrinsic; and it is formulated, in large part, like Wilson's, as a covert attack against American society. In Henry James, Wilson attacked the pusillanimity, as he calls it, of the bourgeois mind, while Winters attacks the rigid American provincialism that combined moral fervor with deep moral timidity.

Despite their attempts to grapple with the shortcomings of Henry James, both Edmund Wilson and Yvor Winters placed him among the greatest writers of world literature. Their essays are valuable precisely because they were able to admire James without falling into postures of adoration.

We are, I think, ready to push their work forward. I have proposed this analysis of "The Turn of the Screw" to show how far one can go in making the tale coherent and exactly why one's efforts break down.* James is a great writer, but his work, like all writing, contains ideas and perceptions that do not easily connect and difficulties that were either ignored or unsteadily resolved through vulnerable compromises. We cannot begin to understand him until we know exactly what his problems were. But where Wilson and Winters searched his life and culture, we, I think, must search his language and form.

Here the Hawthorne parallel is really instructive. Because the stories are so similar, their differences are revealing. The most apparent of these, as I have said, is James's use of first person narrative. James's interest in this technique went as far back as 1869 and the story "A Light Man." In the new complete edition of his tales, Leon Edel makes particular mention of James's loyalty to that early effort and of his abiding interest in stories where the narrator's and the author's intended meanings diverge. Edel wants to use this precedent to authorize his nearly Wilsonian reading of "The Turn of the Screw," although James specifically proclaimed that first person narrative operates in "The Turn of the Screw" to "authorize" the governess.† In any case, it is important to note that Hawthorne seldom uses a technique so liable to equivocation and when he does, as in *The Blithedale Romance,* he raises some of the same questions we encounter in James. (If we may further assume that James, mindful of Hawthorne's error, played the detached and indeed hostile narrator in *The Bostonians* to clarify his intentions, his reversion to first person narrative technique in "The Turn of the Screw" becomes even more notable.)

The second important difference between James's tale and Hawthorne's is the difference between Mrs. Grose and Baglioni. As I have said, they are similar because they occupy similar confidential roles in their respective stories. Yet Baglioni encourages, even initiates, Giovanni's fears, while Mrs. Grose, with great reluctance and great effort on the part of the governess, can merely confirm. Since Baglioni's motives are suspicious, as I have said, his thematic role is complementary; another dubious piece of evidence, he increases our sense that Giovanni is both premature and overzealous in his doubts. Note that Mrs. Grose

* Three critics have found the tale radically ambiguous. Marius Bewley (*The Complex Fate,* New York, 1954) compares the story to "The Lady or the Tiger," although he makes nowhere near the case, either in extent or depth of analysis, that must be urged against James's tale. Nevertheless, his remark brought down upon his head the wrath of his mentor, F. R. Leavis. This retort together with Bewley's reply are included in the book. Leo B. Levy ("*The Turn of the Screw* as Retaliation," *College English,* February, 1956, 286-288) asserts that the tale is incomprehensible so that he may call it James's conscious revenge on those of his contemporaries who found *Guy Domville* obscure. James would show them! Louis Rubin, in the article I've mentioned, finds incomprehensibility to be a new definition of art ("the whole point about the puzzle is its ultimate insolubility . . . The Master indeed."). I need hardly point out that I have a prejudice and an axiom. Prejudice: if it's confused, it can't be great art. Axiom: if it's confused, the critic's job is to find out why.

† In the new Scribner's edition of the major James in one volume, Edel seems to have backed down on his Wilsonian reading. Now Edel has gone over to the school that admires the tale for being all things to all men.

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has the opposite effect: she works rather to suggest that the governess will browbeat anyone if that person can be made to feed her suppositions. Doubtless, Mrs. Grose's behavior increases the tale's impact since her commonsensical imagination "grounds" our incredulity and purges it when once she is convinced. But the manner in which she is convinced remains itself unconvincing, and what little corroboration she provides for the governess' theories is all but overwhelmed by the new doubts that she raises about the governess' investigative method. The example of Baglioni indicates that James needn't have so conceived Mrs. Grose; that he did suggests either that the story, as he frequently claimed, has no theme or that he did not quite know what its theme was.

This latter possibility is made all the more plausible when we compare the use of ambiguity in each tale. In Hawthorne, ambiguity is finite and, in a sense, temporary. He teases the question of Beatrice's evil only long enough to establish the haste and arbitrariness with which Giovanni forms an answer. By the end of the story, we know just how evil the girl is so that we may shift our attention to the moral, which is not ambiguous at all (you cannot be ambiguous if what you want to say is that life is: *vide The Scarlet Letter* and *Moby-Dick*). In short, Hawthorne's ambiguity is a means toward gradually unfolding meaning.

James's ambiguity is different. By the end of the story, the question of Miles's and Flora's evil remains open. Since we cannot know certainly that they are tainted, we cannot certainly estimate the degree to which the governess' behavior was justified. It is easy to see why Wilson and his followers go to such lengths to find in all the children's high jinks perfectly normal manifestations of mischief, and that such efforts are permitted, as the tale stands, a certain amiable suggestion of truth.

When James is creating idiom, gesture and milieu (those things that make him a "realist"), he is immeasurably superior to Hawthorne, who either could not or would not so naturalize the surface. But in expressing the meaning of what he so finely creates, although his meanings are frequently Hawthornesque, they are seldom presented with Hawthorne's firmness and comprehension. His ambiguity is an evasion of final statement. This is doubtless, as Jacobites claim, a strategy for increasing the reader's sense of life. Might it not also be a strategy for protecting the author's?

This is where we come out. Hawthorne raises questions in the manner of a man who knows the answers, although they are rarely simple. Mysterious as he can be, he usually baits his hook with riddles to catch paradoxes. James, on the other hand, frequently seems so overwhelmed by his questions as to be writing to gain time. Why else do we find him hiding behind narrative masks, ambiguous finales and impersonal dramaturgy? He is impelled whether consciously or not (since technique discovers theme with or without the writer's consent) to forestall that terrible moment when the writer's sense of "the eternal mystery of things" must yield to the writer's duty of explication.

Somehow, James was alert both to the governess' moral heroism and to her moral arrogance since he has convinced equally perceptive readers of her virtue and her vice. Since James knew, however, that reality varies with the perceiver, he must have found it difficult to make moral judgments, ultimate and stark, although he yearned for them. Isn't that finally why we cannot say whether the governess is only or even essentially heroic or arrogant—because James himself could not tell us? Think how it must have felt to want clear moral distinctions when you were, metaphysically, a relativist. Think of the agony when you needed from the very depths of your sensibility to pronounce on good and evil, and the world, the more you studied it, seemed to be fractured into separate, uncommunicating subjectivities. Only then can one begin to understand the problem that James so manfully, but so imperfectly, tried to meet.

Yet James devoted considerable effort to denying that such a problem existed, that anything save the elusiveness of perfect form threatened his attempt to trace the

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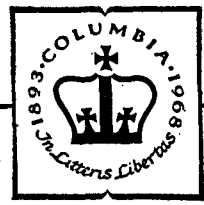
COLUMBIA 

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moral actuality of his generation. The famous New York prefaces sound like nothing so much as the cold-blooded vulgarity and artistic complacence of Edgar Poe, a man for whom James, more than once, showed grudging admiration.* The great display of poise when James comments on his work has been taken far too ingenuously. One can imagine why. The myth of Henry James, created in the last thirty years, has given us an Olympian giant above all petty human confusions who surely and effortlessly translated the supersubtlest of supersubtle perceptions into perfectly articulated forms. His was a "case" that proved a technique of analysis (that created his perfect mating of form and content in much the way that a Christian would have had to invent God) and a way of living (never has the fine critical intelligence found so elegant a confirmation of its claims to power and mastery). No wonder the tone of James criticism has often seemed one of ceremonial celebration sometimes indistinguishable from mimicry. It is fitting that all the indiscriminate idolatry should have aggravated that seven years' monument to imperception by Maxwell Geismar. Let us hope that this phase of James criticism came to an end when Geismar was answered by R. P. Blackmur, the Jacobite high priest, in the *New York Review of Books.*

The truth is that James is a greater writer because he is a poorer one than we have been told. As Wilson suggested, only when you begin to understand the number of his confusions can you measure the scope of his achievement. I have mentioned only one of them (subjectivism vs. ethics) and even fully to comprehend this we need to examine other writings (in particular, *The Sacred Fount*). For each problem there is a success and many failures. Yet we are told that James seldom failed.

The standard James, the James who moved with incomparable urbanity through three cultures, saw into the pit of anarchy as well as the rarefied air of regal vice, haunted the world with specters while he remained clear-eyed and unperturbed, and wrote about his vision so lucidly as to damn as irrelevant all further questioning—this James is a foolish joke. James suffered his perceptions and did not always master them. His *oeuvre* is not the edifice that, with a brick of explanation here, a dab of rhetorical cement there, he tried to sell as real estate. His house of fiction is cracked. Some rooms have faulty heating, others were drawn to faulty plans; some have tilting floors, and the plumbing leaks.

It isn't a house at all. We have taken James's word for it and have lost its reality. We have tried to live in it and have lost our taste. The time has come to remind ourselves that James's most popular work can have no meaning and that half its power is the way it drives us mad. "The Turn of the Screw" was designed as a trap, and for fifty years critics have been running through it like so many industrious mice.* The intellectual labor that has been spent in explicating this brilliant obfuscation might better have been used in following the lead it gives us out of itself and into the rest of its author's world. That is where we now must go. Its terrain can be strewn with the house's rubble. "The Turn of the Screw" is finally a stick of dynamite.

* See, for example, *Hawthorne.*

* In 1965 two book-length studies of the tale were published (Thomas Mabry Cranfill and Robert Lanier Clark, Jr., *An Anatomy of "The Turn of the Screw"* and Muriel West, *A Stormy Night with "The Turn of the Screw"*). In the former (taking brief examples) the authors conjecture that the governess suffered hallucinations owing to the ocular effects that attend the completion of prolonged knitting and that Mrs. Grose is so ignorant that when she corroborates the governess' suppositions she doesn't understand the words she uses. The latter book pretends to be a manuscript critique of the novel found by Miss West and offered to us with her annotations. I regret the condescension in my simile, but I do not think it is entirely unwarranted.

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JACQUES BARZUN

Yet another of the interesting effects of mass culture is the popularizing of scholarship. I do not mean of the *results* of scholarship, but of the method and outlook, of the pompousness and what the angered speaker called "the largo and the jingon." All these together have made the modern citizen a common pedant, his eye open to all little facts and his heart eager to pounce on their discrepancy. Nothing in that line is to him any longer dryasdust; it all goes down his self-lubricated gullet—his way of participating in the march of scientific mind.

Nor have more magnanimous feelings survived among the arts. Rigor is also their common claim, as much in the graphic as in the literary, and the public naturally holds the performer to the same self-imposed standard. Turn to an earlier page and observe how that excellent critic and good friend of mine, Miss Margaret Marshall, pitches into Conan Doyle for his irresponsible geography of Utah in *A Study in Scarlet.*

Miss Marshall is not the first to object to Sir Arthur's light-fingered tampering with the Wasatch Mountains. Others were before her, although not so indignant. For they belong to that school of critics, increasingly numerous, who pursue their studies in Sherlock Holmes with irony in their ink. Indeed, they are perhaps the only researchers at work today who remember that scholarship must serve and illuminate rather than overlay and hide the author. They know that without him they would not exist, and perhaps they remember that creators (as Doyle said of himself) are "not nervous about details."

The Holmesian scholars have another use: They give us the only amusing parody of the prevailing Alexandrianism. When they go after their little facts, they hope of course that their contribution may be useful and agreeable, but they also know that it is not necessary and that half the time they are being fanciful.

Who are these critics and how did their amiable lunacy start? Once again, the flourishing movement of today had its roots in the great first decade of our century. "Studies" in the veracity or plausibility of the Sherlock Holmes stories go back as far as Andrew Lang and the early 1900's. By 1911 Monsignor Ronald Knox had made these essays an explicit genre, and its flowering may be seen in the bulky pair of quartos entitled *The Annotated Sherlock Holmes,* compiled by the late W. S. Baring-Gould.* Two quarterly journals publish the writings and feed the

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curiosity of innumerable researchers scattered throughout the world—the most methodical madness since Hamlet pointed out the inevitable connection.

The style and spirit of this activity was set by Father Knox and Christopher Morley. It is the spirit of Stevenson's young man with the cream tarts, that of mockery. But what is being mocked is not scholarship alone, nor the Holmes stories, nor the participants in the game of annotation, but literature and life as well. In the best practitioners, the digging up of facts and discussing of doubts bring out the high comedy of man's struggle to put things together so they will fit. In the end they don't fit, either in the physical or in the mental world. Art, science, the law are as faulty and foolish as the cosmos. No matter how ingenious the interpreter, how imaginative the creator, there is always a gap here and an extra piece there. The universe and man are equally a joke.

Some may think this is too solemn a conclusion to draw from "the literature of Sherlock Holmes," which at its best is a gay science; or else too light-hearted a view of the cosmos, which often seems as grave as the grave. I don't care which view is taken: the "literature" (as these new volumes prove) is entertaining and wise, like a chapter in Rabelais.

In his bibliography, the editor of the Annotated Holmes lists some seven hundred fifty articles and books dealing with the characters, incidents, names, dates, allusions and implications of the sixty tales in which Holmes and Watson disport themselves. Not merely geography and plausibility, but art, music, literature, language, science, furnishings, philosophy, transportation, history, biography, heraldry, morals and manners come under the critics' notice. From this storehouse of fact, speculation and fantasy, Mr. Baring-Gould has chosen what will explain the text.

It comes just in time, for the modern memory is short and generations are growing up who do not know what *hansom cab, tantalus, commissionaire, Paddington, guinea,* or *"patriotic V. R."* signify. Already a quarter-century ago, Christopher Morley thought it advisable to bring out an annotated text of a few of these stories for school use. Now we have the works, embellished with illustrations chosen from the best of those that adorned the stories when first issued in magazines. In addition, we are given photographs of places and objects, maps, coats of arms, manuscripts in facsimile, and no fewer than eleven introductory chapters to the several sections. (Eleven shall henceforth be known as a Baker Street dozen.)

Mr. Baring-Gould was well qualified to give to this peculiar manifestation of contemporary culture—an equivalent of the Browning cult of the last century—its present material embodiment. Some few years ago he published a detailed life of Sherlock Holmes which showed vastly more research (although less wit and fancy) than Vincent Starrett's pioneer attempt of the thirties. Mr. Baring-Gould had read all the books, all the articles, from H. W. Bell and S. C. Roberts and other early English dons to the latest fanatical makers of small points in Denmark, California and Japan. It is regrettable that so painstaking a worker should not have lived to enjoy the sight of his labors in book form and the praise they have elicited. Obviously, too, the typographical errors in the volumes betoken the absence of the master's eye. That it was a sharp one and gifted for its work is shown by the truly excellent choice of illustrations.

But as editor Mr. Baring-Gould cannot be either praised or blamed for all that is said in the commentary; he had to take a good deal from the sources he deemed reliable; and a perusal of what is said in the spacious columns flanking the text shows that even after seventy years of increasingly microscopic research much has yet to be done—and corrected.

I must reserve for a *really* learned journal detailed remarks on the points that anywhere else would require long explaining. In this more public place I content myself with some general expressions of dismay or dissatisfaction. First, I echo James Agate's old cry: "Why can't the French be printed right?" And interpreted, for that matter:

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nom de plume is a purely English invention, like *double entendre;* they brook no translation through the French.

As for *peine forte et dure,* it is *legal* Norman French but otherwise perfectly modern. Trifles! Hairsplitting! Of course: what do you think professionalism means? Even so, yielding to the reader's unspoken objection, I would ask in the spirit of broad philosophy why a text needs to have such phrases explained and translated. What are dictionaries and reference books for? I remember a "serious" work on a very different topic, in which the scholar gave identifying footnotes for Flaubert and Chopin and their peers. But he missed Moses.

Back to the two cultures (Holmes and Watson), I am unhappy to see in the present work the mishandling of certain features of English life. For example, the chronology based on the supposed fact that if the morning paper occurs in the story, the date cannot be Sunday. The English Sunday paper goes back as far as 1791 (the *Observer,* no less). The *Sunday Times* dates from 1822, and although it is true that the early papers did not all continue uninterrupted, there has been more than one Sunday paper in London at least since 1881, to say nothing of the provincial ones. Similarly with "the post." Contrary to improved modern practice, mail deliveries in the Holmes-Watson period were as many as five on weekdays and one on Sunday.

But cultural history is a tricky subject, because it is all-inclusive. The historian must know everything *ex officio.* For example, in "A Scandal in Bohemia," the reference to Irene Adler as "a young person" has no significance as to her age; the words define her social standing in relation to the king; so that the argument about dates is pointless and the use of the phrase by Holmes is not absurd, as alleged. Another example: When Holmes says "I should not marry," he does not in that context mean that he ought not to.

Again, not all Beaune wines are red—think of Clos des Mouches (if you can). Young did not simply "decipher the Rosetta Stone"; Bertillon did not devise or adopt fingerprinting; and a foolscap sheet is surely not 13 × 17 × 16. Similarly (if that is what I mean) the description given of a Gladstone bag is atrocious.

The reason—it is no excuse—for much that is wrong or insufficient is, of course, that there is nowhere to go for the right information. Only experience, living with or in a Gladstone bag, coupled with high literary skill, will yield a good definition. With a bad one we are worse off than with none, and that is how eras recede and turn into caricatures.

The force of what we know also works in reverse, to obscure truth, as in the comparisons we make. Our editor and his fellow scholars take it for granted that the best interpreter of Sherlock Holmes on the screen was Basil Rathbone. He was good, but not the best. He is thought best because he appeared in the endless apocryphal tales on the radio, as well as in films. But to those who saw Arthur Wontner in an earlier day there is little doubt that *he* was the true embodiment, and for a reason that also constitutes a criticism of the scholarly literature: Holmes the artist, the bohemian drug-taker and moody misanthrope, the man of the nineties in short, is lost sight of in the subsequent scientist and reasoning machine. Doyle forgot him a little too; and although the scholars do refer to violin playing and "art in the blood," they, being pedants and technocrats themselves, do not sufficiently recognize that special temperament and culture that made Arthur Wontner both look and act like the quintessential Holmes.

Much else needs saying that would be equally provocative to the profession and (I hope) equally true to the past, but I forbear and conclude with one last and most practical caution, of interest alike to devotees of Holmes and of beer: do not believe the present admirable work when it tells you that the Sherlock Holmes Tavern in London, with its portraits, memorabilia, and reconstructed Baker Street room, is on Northumberland Avenue. You will not find it there, nor any other pub. It is on Northumberland Street, not far, but not obviously near either. For both the book and the beer, *bon appétit.*

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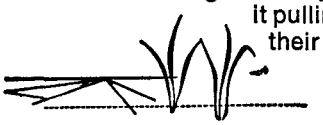

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Intruders in the Dust

LION IN THE GARDEN: Interviews with William Faulkner, 1926-1962. *Edited by James B. Meriwether and Michael Millgate. Random House. $6.95.*

Reviewed by DAN WAKEFIELD

During one of his first exposures to the ordeal of the literary interview, William Faulkner mulled over his interrogator's opening question and finally answered:

"Born? Yes. I was born male and single at an early age in Mississippi. I am still alive but not single. I was born of a Negro slave and an alligator, both named Gladys Rock. I had two brothers, one Dr. Walter E. Traprock and the other Eagle Rock, an airplane."

The interviewer referred to this answer as a "smart-crack" and explained to his readers that such responses were "Faulkner's barrier, the hazard he places about the sensitive part of him that can create such novels as *Soldier's Pay* . . . [*et cetera*]." This recognition, however, did not of course prevent the interviewer from probing further. Nor did Faulkner's widely known passion for privacy deter a lamentable series of subsequent interviewers from intruding on him with their dreary and often impertinent questions from the time of his first public success with *Sanctuary* in 1931 to his death in 1962.

A collection of the most "significant" of these inquisitions (the mind boggles at imagining the *in*significant samples) have been gathered together in a single volume, which is, unwittingly, a testament to the monumental courtesy and patience of William Faulkner. After reading this collection it is difficult to see how any reasonable person could blame Faulkner for cherishing his privacy, and for being reluctant to subject himself to the arid, mundane and stylized ritual of the literary interview. My own feeling after finishing the book was that Faulkner would have been entirely justified in repeating nothing more than his "autobiographical" statement as quoted above, and spraying buckshot into the behind of any boor who insisted on questioning further.

How would *you* like it, if, over a period of thirty years, you had to answer such questions as the following, earnestly asked by a motley assortment of eager schoolboys, visiting professors, garden party hostesses, and gate-crashing reporters:

> How do you choose your words? . . . How long does it take for you to write a book? . . . What is the best training for writing? Courses, experience, or what? . . . What if you had your life to live over again? . . . Why did you dedicate your book [*A Fable*] to her [his daughter Jill]? . . . About your method of writing stories, why do you use such a complicated method of telling your stories? . . . How do your ideas come to you? . . . Is there any possible formula to follow in order to be a good novelist? . . . Does the narcissus given to Benjy have some significance? Can Benjy feel love? . . . Some people say they can't understand your writing, even after they have read it two or three times. What approach would you suggest for them? . . . Do you believe regional loyalty is a good quality? . . . What is it like for a man like you to live in Mississippi? . . . Who is your favorite author? . . . Would you say, sir, that a knowledge of other literature is essential for a writer? . . . What, sir, is your objective in writing? . . . Are you just as happy and contented with life as you always have been? . . . You like animals, don't you? . . . Are you firm with children? . . . Mr. Faulkner, is there any connection between your literary work and horses? . . .

That Faulkner sat still and courteously gave answers to these questions—many of them repeated over and over through the years—and, for the most part, maintained his decorum and grace toward the assorted spouters of such inanities, is surely one of the greatest tributes to the iron, implacable strength of the code of the Southern Gentleman. He seemed to feel that once the intruder had appeared, even if he had not been invited and in some cases had been specifically requested *not* to come, it was the bitter duty of the captive host to endure the interloper's presence and even his questions. When Malcolm Cowley alerted him

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that Ilya Ehrenburg was on the way to visit him in Mississippi in 1946, Faulkner wrote back:

> Thank you for warning me. What the hell can I do? . . . Last month two damned swedes, two days ago a confounded Chicago reporter, and now this one that can't even speak english. As if anything he or I either know, or both of us together know, is worth being said once, let alone twice through an interpreter. . .

After winning the Nobel Prize, Faulkner evidently felt more responsible for accepting the role of a public figure, and at the urging of the State Department went on a round-the-world tour during which he voluntarily subjected himself to further asinine questioning in many parts of the globe and in many languages. In his later years he also exposed himself to questions from students while lecturing at the University of Virginia and at West Point. Samples of some of the transcripts from these later colloquies offer no evidence to suggest that Faulkner ever had reason to doubt his original skepticism of the whole business. His appraisal of all this was probably made most pointedly when he was asked once if he talked with his students, and answered their questions. He said yes he did, but that the questions could have been answered just as well by a priest or a veterinarian.

The problem does not wholly lie in the obtuseness of the questioners, but in the basic assumption that a writer can somehow reveal in an interview some key to his work, or some secret of how it is done; that in casual conversation he can improve on or "explain" the method or meaning of the work that he has sweated and bled to create throughout the course of his career. At best, he can be entertaining in his answers, as when Faulkner is asked if he likes detective stories, and says "Yes, if it's a good one, like *The Brothers Karamazov.*" At worst, the writer falls back on pompous rhetoric, the generalized uplifting sort of thing that is usually only committed to paper by good writers when they win the Nobel Prize, and feel they must speak in cosmic terms about Man. Aside from that, the interview can bring forth little information except the godawful sort of trivia about whether the writer does his stuff with a soft lead pencil or a Parker '51 with a medium point.

There really ought to be a moratorium on this nonsense. I am guilty of having conducted such interviews with writers myself, and am willing to take the first step with a unilateral pledge to halt such interrogations in hope of clearing the atmosphere. There is some justification for interviews with politicians, who can sometimes be trapped into saying something relevant about a particular policy that they would ordinarily obscure in official rhetoric. But interviews with writers are like interviews with athletes—the subject can't really explain what he does or how he does it. Neither novelist nor outfielder can honestly go beyond Willie Mays's great explanation of the secret of his success in baseball: "They throw 'em, I hit 'em; they hit 'em, I catch 'em."

I think Mr. Faulkner would have appreciated that answer.

"A Great Mover of Our Time"

THE URBAN PROSPECT. *By Lewis Mumford. Harcourt, Brace & World. $5.95.*

Reviewed by WOLF VON ECKARDT

Until very recently most professional discussions of the urban prospect dallied in various computer-projected, systems-analyzed technocratic fantasies. Anyone who suggested that the issue was not, perhaps, whether we could construct an ecumenopolis of widely dispersed, plug-in, underwater, underground or airborne megastructures, but whether we could reconstruct varied, viable, healthy, integrated and at-

✪ WOLF VON ECKARDT, the architecture critic of the Washington *Post,* has written extensively on urban problems. His latest book, *A Place to Live: The Crisis of the Cities,* was published early this year by Seymour Lawrence/ Delacorte Press.

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tractive human neighborhoods, was disdainfully accused of "cranky Mumford romanticism" which refuses to recognize prevailing statistical trends, the power of real estate interests, an escalating technology, and a world that the Marshall McLuhans and Bucky Fullers would sentence to perpetual change.

Today, if there is any hope that mounting urban disorder may yet be replaced by urban order, that hope lies in the fact that even the deans of city planning schools are reluctantly beginning to advocate the ideas that Lewis Mumford has so eloquently advocated for more than forty years. Urban technocracy is being challenged along with military technocracy. Some urban sociologists are beginning to concede that George Gallup is no Messiah and that trend, as Albert Mayer has put it, is not destiny. In sum, it is beginning to be recognized that while technology is indeed changing, man and his biological and psychological needs are not, and that, as Mumford has said all along, it may be a more worthy goal of city planning to make the city a place where lovers can meet than to turn it into a big machine designed exclusively for the consumption of little machines. The social anthropologists on some of those expensive multidisciplinary research teams now stress the neighborhood as the essential place to which man can give, and from which he can receive, a sense of identity as emphatically as Mumford does. And the political scientists suddenly echo Mumford's long demand for citizen participation in neighborhood affairs as the basis of participatory democracy. It has even become fashionable again to talk of the long pooh-poohed new towns which, under a national settlement policy, as Mumford and his friends told Franklin Roosevelt thirty-five years ago, hold the best promise of arresting urban sprawl, stopping the continued influx of unemployed farm workers into the big cities and helping people out of the ghetto.

It is therefore most timely that Mumford's most important essays on urban planning, previously scattered in various periodicals, have been pulled together in this one cogent volume. Although the oldest of these essays—an analysis of the decentralization of industry and thus urbanization (Mumford calls it "The Fourth Migration")—dates back to 1925, they are more relevant to our current problems than any of the current production of studies on the urban crises cranked out by the thriving, new urban research industry. They are more relevant, because all of Mumford's abundant practical proposals—whether they deal with commuter highways and parking garages, accommodating old people, racial integration or neighborhood playgrounds—deal not with isolated expediencies or such isolated problems as poverty and race, but are always related to the fundamental issue of creating a human, humane and ecologically viable environment, which alone can enhance the quality of our lives.

It is therefore not enough to say, as many have said before, that Mumford is a perceptive social critic, or even that he is a great humanist. He is that. But he surely also stands, along with men like Freud and Einstein, as a great mover of our time. For if Freud has, perhaps too dogmatically, opened decisive insights into the nature of man, and Einstein has opened decisive insights into the nature of nature, which have moved us in new directions, Mumford's insights into the nature of the human habitat will surely move us toward a more comfortable and creative place to live.

And if in the last two, newly written essays in this book, Mumford tells us to move slowly, it is precisely because he would not have us again deal only in isolated expediencies. Our urban problems, he says, can only be solved in the context of solving the social, political and economic problems that brought them about. Throwing vast sums of money and gimmicky crash programs into the present urban disintegration may only accelerate it further. "It is not just the city but the whole body politic that demands our attention," he states. We cannot build a new and better city until we also build a new and better civilization. This means that we must "overcome a massive inertia" and indeed "go against the dominant forces in our society."

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Kenneth Galbraith and, perhaps even more so, Michael Harrington will heartily agree.

Although Mumford is weary, he is not pessimistic. He shares the hope many of us see in the new generation now coming into the colleges. "Though these young people have grown up in an age of violence and totalitarian conformity," he writes, "they now challenge its brutalities and reject its compulsions . . . They will overcome our passivities, overthrow our regimentations, and place the guardians of life once more in command. This is still an uncertain promise: but at least—and at last—it opens up a human prospect."

Of Human Needs

FREUD: POLITICAL AND SOCIAL THOUGHT. *By Paul Roazen. Knopf. $6.95.*

Reviewed by RICHARD W. NOLAND

It is obvious that Freud's work is of philosophical as well as scientific interest. Freud is not a metaphysician, of course, any more than he is simply a psychiatrist. But his work is certainly relevant to moral, social and political philosophy. In this book, Paul Roazen, a political scientist, attempts to establish this relevance for political philosophy, which, he argues, has been almost completely resistant to psychoanalysis. Roazen identifies a number of obstacles to the use of psychoanalysis by political scientists—obstacles that are as much the fault of psychoanalysis, with its deeply personal material, its closed training institutes, and its dubious scientific status, as of political scientists. Yet he is convinced that an adequate political science must be based on the essential contribution that Freud made for a study of political life—"a psychological theory of the personality."

Arnold A. Rogow has observed that psychiatry can contribute to political science and history in three ways—method, emphasis and insight. By method, he means the use of a free-association interview or the use of free association in the analysis of documents, letters, diaries, or any other kind of written record. Such an approach, he thinks, would combine the "soft" technique of clinical psychiatry with the "hard" technique currently used in the social sciences. Rogow's interest in such a methodology is essentially practical, and in general Roazen's book lacks any such concern except by implication. Roazen wants political scientists to be aware of the influence of anxiety, conflict and alienation on political life. But he has nothing to say about how this awareness is to operate in a practical sense. His book remains a largely theoretical statement of the relevance of psychoanalysis for political science. This is fair enough, but the fact remains that some practical concern and example would serve to specify and clarify the theoretical material of the book. Its absence leaves Roazen's argument more abstract in the reader's mind than it need be.

In the areas of emphasis and insight, however, Roazen is detailed, thorough and provocative. For emphasis, Roazen offers, not Freud's specifically social works, but the clinical material and theory of psychoanalysis. Freud's social works, Roazen thinks, are of great interest and importance, but they represent Freud's speculative bent moving beyond its ground in clinical observation and theory. Moreover, as speculative works, they are often distorted by Freud's own emotional biases, as in *Totem and Taboo, Moses and Monotheism* and the recently published book on Woodrow Wilson. But, Roazen argues (as did Freud), psychoanalysis does not stand or fall on the validity of any of these books. And he attempts to direct political scientists away from Freud's five major social works and back to the clinical writings. Freud's real importance for political scientists, Roazen argues, is his discovery of an unconscious mental life, the source of man's deepest needs and aspirations, and his metapsychol-

RICHARD W. NOLAND teaches English at the University of Massachusetts. His "Medical Education and Psychoanalysis" appeared in the Summer 1967 issue of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR.

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ogy, with its topographical, dynamic, economic and structural conception of the self. Such defense mechanisms, for example, as repression, identification, sublimation and rationalization have an obvious relevance to political and social as well as individual behavior.

On the basis of Freud's clinical writings, and using Freud's social works where he finds them fruitful (*Group Psychology and the Analysis of the Ego* tells us much about group dynamics; *Moses and Monotheism* shows us how psychoanalysis can be used in understanding the past), in the three concluding chapters of the book Roazen attempts to demonstrate the gains in insight for political scientists who make use of psychoanalysis. Although long and complex, these chapters add up finally to one essential point—that society, in Freud's view, is the outcome of human needs. And Roazen argues that political scientists must pay as much attention to these human needs as they do to a statistical, purely external description and manipulation of political and social processes. Moreover, Freud's view of society is complex enough to support and perhaps even to harmonize otherwise divergent positions. Freud is neither liberal nor conservative—or, rather, he is both. There is in his work, Roazen says, a basis for asserting the standard of individual self-fulfillment against the demands of culture that links him to the individualism of the liberal tradition. But there is also in his work an understanding of the creative uses of the social order, of tradition and existing institutions, that links him to a more conservative political tradition. In dealing with guilt and aggression, for example, the social order is essential if man is to control and master his own passions. Freud, says Roazen, does demand more freedom for man. He is a social meliorist. But for Freud absolute freedom is impossible, since man "wants both liberty and restraint, and the tensions between conflicting needs comprise human tragedy."

In Roazen's view, "Freud represents an aspect of liberalism's self-examination." His thought "can be read as the liberal tradition turning on itself in self-inquiry." In the broadest sense, then, Roazen's book is a critique of the liberal imagination. And where Lionel Trilling used literature to perform the same task, Roazen uses Freud. As he says, the "trouble with the liberal tradition . . . was its narrowness of understanding, its difficulties . . . in treating of human emotions." Freud, Roazen argues, reminds us of vital human needs, both destructive and constructive, that must be taken into account if we are to have an adequate conception of either man or society.

Roazen does not claim to have written the definitive work on Freud's political and social thought. He is aware that his Freud is in part a projection of his own concerns. Still, his analysis of Freud is accurate, perceptive and fully alert to the subtlety and complexity of Freud's psychology. In his effort to challenge and deepen without repudiating the liberal tradition, Roazen is equally successful. But in his attempt to relate Freud to the tradition of political and social thought "which begins with the philosophic activities of Plato and Aristotle, and which has over the centuries tried to relate human needs to social life," he does not succeed. There are, of course, references to some of the important figures in this tradition—Rousseau, Bentham, John Stuart Mill, Burke. But nowhere is there a coherent and unified discussion of the details of this tradition, of the nature of political science as a self-sufficient discipline and of the relation of Freud to both tradition and discipline. It is interesting and valuable to know that Freud's own conflicts and interests affected his work, especially his more speculative writings. But surely this biographical material could have been condensed so as to leave room for a treatment of political science and psychoanalysis as intellectual disciplines that can be critically assessed without reference to the psychology of their creators. Such a treatment would add an important intellectual dimension to a book that, as it stands, is already a learned, thoughtful and generally successful attempt to state one aspect of Freud's importance for our time.

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Poetry or Politics?

PARADISE OF SNAKES: An Archetypal Analysis of Conrad's Political Novels. *By Claire Rosenfield. University of Chicago Press. $6.50.*

Reviewed by EDWARD KESSLER

There are two Conrads: one is the critic of imperialism, the adventurer whose stories are based on actual experience, and the other is the pilgrim in search of his soul, the highly imaginative writer whose country, like Queequeg's native land, "is not down in any map; true places never are." The maker of criticism, unlike the maker of literature, can rarely bring these two selves together. He chooses an approach and thereby a limitation. The fiction can dramatize the interplay of imagination and reality, but much of the work on Conrad has tended to investigate one or the other. Poetry or politics?

The virtue of Claire Rosenfield's study is that she attempts to see Conrad whole, to show how his work "is related to the rest of literature and the culture in which it participates." But before we are far into *Paradise of Snakes,* we discover that the critic is more interested in poetry than politics, more concerned with images than ideas. In an introductory chapter, she announces that the ancient myths, Greek and Christian, are not dead; they have simply gone underground, to appear in modern fiction as "symbols" that can be shown to give form or shape to an artist's work, even though he may deny that any myth is vital to him. Names like Joseph Campbell, Northrop Frye, Jung, Freud appear, telling the reader that he can expect an analysis of Conrad's "self" as well as of his relationship with past culture. Three political novels that Conrad labored to make credible as historical fact—*Nostromo, The Secret Agent, Under Western Eyes*—are shown to be timeless fictions that wear the disguises of history.

Recently Avrom Fleishman in *Conrad's Politics* used the life and letters to show how Conrad's fiction demonstrates political beliefs that he expressed more overtly in other writing. Like Irving Howe before him, Fleishman sees *Nostromo* as an outlet for ideas that the novelist hesitated to combat in the actual arena of politics. Howe, moreover, found that Conrad was antiromantic in that he "violently resists the demonic." For Miss Rosenfield, however, the natural setting of the silver mine in *Nostromo* is a "demonic Paradise" and a "demonic Eden," and through close attention to the recurring images and motifs of the novel she traces the submerged myths that for her reveal more of Conrad's profound interests than does his conscious manipulation of political theories which ceases, more or less, after the first part of the novel. The imaginary, primitive world of Sulaco, where myth is operative, becomes the backdrop for Conrad's exposure of the so-called myth of capitalism. Miss Rosenfield's close analysis of images leads her to a central idea: the novel becomes Conrad's "ironic statement upon the failure of his own society." Howe and Fleishman may reach a similar conclusion, but they travel over far different terrain.

The Secret Agent is also shown to transcend quickly its primary or literal level, which many today find contrived and dated. The tale about an anarchist's attempt to blow up the Greenwich Observatory becomes the story of "people imprisoned in the time of modern society." The critic's elaboration of images of time reveals much about this curious novel, as well as a great deal about Conrad's own peculiar manipulation of time in his fiction. With this novel Miss Rosenfield is at her best, probably because the novelist here seems less interested in creating "realistic" background—such as the South American political scene in *Nostromo*—and more intent on dealing with "the fact of a man blown to bits for nothing even remotely resembling an idea, anarchistic or other" [Conrad's words].

EDWARD KESSLER's study of Wallace Stevens will be published soon by the Rutgers University Press. Mr. Kessler is a professor of English at American University.

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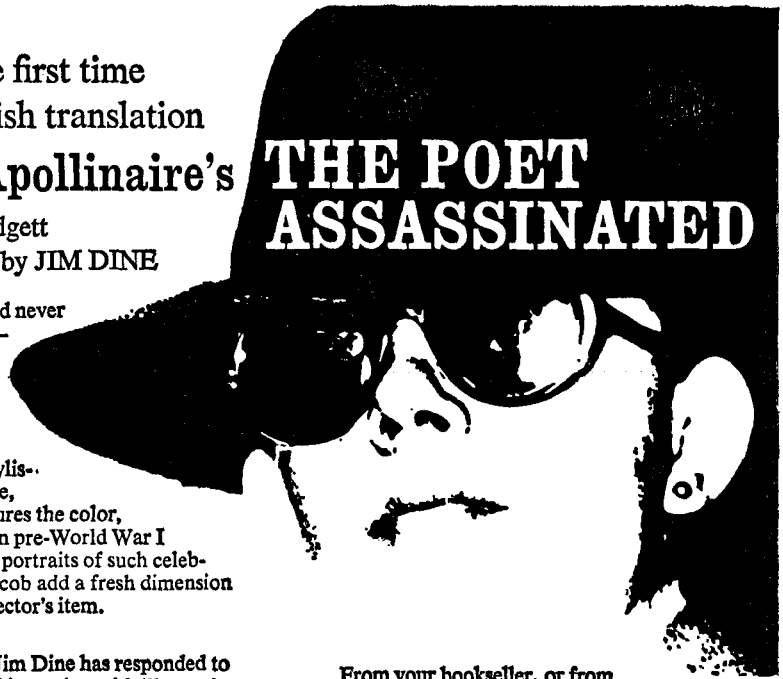

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Irony is again shown to be the author's chief device. The mythological hero appears, but as an idiot; London itself becomes the "demonic" force of the underworld that the characters must deal with. Miss Rosenfield's analysis of archetypes is singularly appropriate to a novel that seems preoccupied with the irrational, what Conrad called "perverse unreason."

So we see that this very perceptive and illuminating study represents an approach, as do the works of Irving Howe and Avrom Fleishman. The latter two tend to be limited by their idea of historical time to their conception of Conrad-the-Pole working within a framework of political ideologies. The house of fiction *exists* for them, and both tend to be, in the words of Marianne Moore, "literalists of the imagination." But for Miss Rosenfield, Conrad's house is only a means of entering the basement where the archetypes move and have their eternal being. The best single work on Conrad remains Albert Guerard's *Conrad the Novelist* which deals with both house *and* basement, and Miss Rosenfield humbly acknowledges that "the best study of [the] author's works has already been written."

Pure and Simple Pleasure

THE COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY FORUM ANTHOLOGY. *Edited by Peter Spackman and Lee Ambrose. Atheneum. $7.50.*

Reviewed by MILLER WILLIAMS

This anthology, Jacques Barzun tells us in his introduction, is "a magazine in hardcovers." That is so much an understatement it borders on falsehood; the anthology is in hardcovers, but it is the ideal of a magazine almost in the platonic sense, the sort of thing a magazine editor has fantasies about. The material in any issue of any magazine represents a compromise between the best available and the issue's overall balance. The material in this anthology, drawn from ten years, forty issues, three thousand pages, gives the impression that with so much to choose from and the clear advantages of hindsight compromise was rarely necessary.

The *Forum* is a broad-spectrum journal of literature and cultural affairs, science, politics and art. It concerns itself with every area of human endeavor, and the sum of its articles—written generally in terms accessible to the well-educated and curious reader in any field—constitutes a program of continuing education in the liberal arts. The *Forum,* printed primarily for and read primarily by the alumni of Columbia University, is one of the most effective means by which Columbia remains a part of the context in which her students—I will not say former students—live, and by which the Columbia University graduate is encouraged to remain for the rest of his life a postgraduate student. The practice offers so many obvious advantages, with money the only problem, that I am unable to understand why it is not adopted as a matter of course by all universities with the means to make it work.

For those regular readers of the *Forum* who have wanted some of the more important pieces made easily available, or who have enjoyed browsing back through their past issues, but regret the wear and tear this causes on the magazines, and for those who have not been readers of the *Forum* and are open to the best of what a good magazine has had to offer over the last decade, editors Spackman and Ambrose have brought together the works of fifty writers, works that are almost all well written and easily read, and so short as to be more passing comments than investigations. They turn the reader's attention (briefly) to such people as Dr. Johnson, Ruth Benedict, Albert Camus, Malcolm X and the Beatles, and to such topics as our China policy, the fourth estate, modern theater, city planning, Vietnam and the Bay of Pigs.

MILLER WILLIAMS teaches at Loyola University, New Orleans, where he edits the *New Orleans Review.* Translator and anthologist, he is the author of two books of his own poetry, the most recent of which is *So Long at the Fair.*

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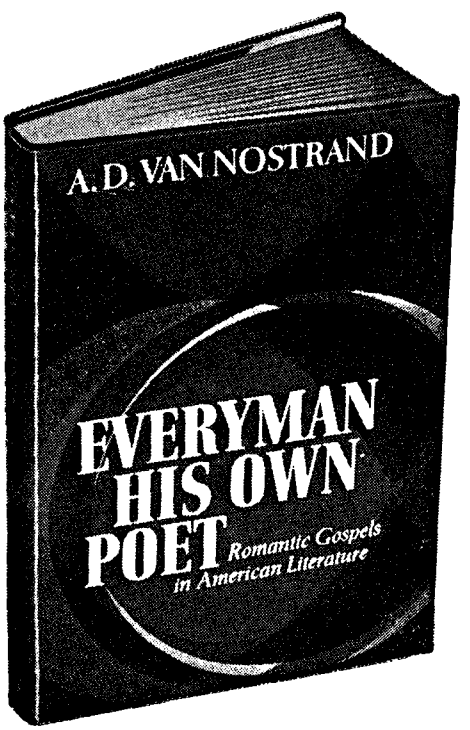

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HOW TO END THE DRAFT, by Rep. Robert T. Stafford et al. Military manpower is the 1968-69 High School Debate Topic. Our book is listed in the bibliography. Paper only, $1.95.

It is not a book to be read through from beginning to end. I'm quite sure I will not read everything in it, pick of a ten years' crop though it is, because pluralistic society and liberal arts education to the contrary notwithstanding, I am not renaissance man enough to have a genuine interest in every piece in any anthology. This, of course, the editors assumed and certainly Mr. Barzun in his introduction anticipates. "Do not" he tells us, "hesitate to skip, ignore, and tune in and out, confident that you are fulfilling your democratic destiny with—it is hoped —a touch of pleasure, pure and simple." So this is a book to be had, to be kept. It is perfect for reading on the city bus, at the laundromat or waiting your turn in traffic court.

Almost without exception, the contributors have been associated somehow with Columbia. Only in the case of Edgar Snow, who tells us of V. Chesterton Barkinson's Law on bombing, is there no stated connection between the man and the university. I'm curious as to how this maverick Snow got into the anthology, but I'm even more curious about the strange and restrictive covenant that reserves the pages of the *Forum* for Columbia people. Admittedly, Columbia can boast a magnificent collection of scholars, scientists, artists and writers, but no faculty is intellectually self-sustaining, and there is nothing more dulling finally than academic inbreeding. If this is an entertaining and sometimes compelling collection of writing, I cannot help wondering how much better, richer, it might have been if the editors had been free or willing to open their doors to a number of noncosmopolite, even nonacademic, people with ideas.

Here, I think, lies the only important failing in the book: it is, even at its best, emphatically academic. The beauty of any project in continuing education aimed at a school's alumni is that it is not carried on in the context of the classroom. It is unfortunate, it seems to me, that such a book as this has so much chalk dust between the pages.

What makes the gentleman's agreement

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more foolish is that the association in some cases is so nebulous as to be virtually meaningless. Some of the contributors are said to have "attended" Columbia, whatever that means, one is simply a member of the Columbia University seminar, and one visited the University to present as a talk what appears here as an article. So flexible a condition for admission to the *Forum* becomes no working condition at all, but simply an arbitrary circle drawn around a number of people who by chance have walked on the grass at Columbia. The circle might as well be drawn around those who have sailed on the Queen Mary. The restriction—and I have no idea by what fiat, will or well-strung endowment it was imposed—must lose for the *Forum* more than it gains.

This is especially true in the case of the poetry. If more than any school's share of the scholars of our time have cut across Columbia's campus on their way somewhere, she is not in nearly so enviable a position where poets are concerned. The translations aside, I cannot imagine the poems included in the anthology as the best from ten years of any magazine. Those by Louis Simpson, Babette Deutsch, Robert Pack and Rolf Fjelde are good. They are examples of that craftsmanship informed by human feeling that is the best of both worlds—the world of the academic and the world of the Beat—that perhaps Hegelian third world of feeling and form where those who have learned their lesson live, at least for now. The most important thing about these poems, certainly in the eyes of the anthologist, is that they bear rereading. That is the best thing, too, to be said about a good number of the articles. It is what one hopes for in an anthology piece. But I doubt that I will go again to Philip Murray's clever but easy "Miss Muffet Variations" or to the stumbling rhythms and sham high rhetoric of Ned O'Gorman's "Signs."

All in all, the *Forum Anthology* is an excellent collection. Almost everything in it is excellent reading—good enough to make up for the considerable amount of

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academic balderdash that was all but unavoidable, considering the editorial stance of the *Forum* and the pose of the University. Seven dollars and a half is much less than the book is worth; my copy has carried me through a doctor's waiting room, a hotshot battery charge, the proctoring of a midterm exam, countless television commercials, and a drawbridge.

I have reviewed more books in the past fifteen years than I want to remember, and not more than eight or ten times have I said go buy it. This is the ninth, or the eleventh.

The Sun That Eclipsed Europe

A MEDITERRANEAN SOCIETY: The Jewish Communities of the Arab World as Portrayed in the Documents of the Cairo Geniza. Volume I: Economic Foundations. *By S. D. Goitein. University of California Press. $12.95.*

Reviewed by HOWARD M. SACHAR

The period from the tenth to the twelfth centuries represented the apogee of the Islamic Renaissance. It was then, under the benign rule of the Fatamid dynasty, that the peoples of the southern Mediterranean basin witnessed a sunburst of trade, prosperity and cultural productivity unknown since the Roman imperial era. Yet, while the intellectual record of the period has survived in its writings, knowledge of its economic life has been far less extensive. It has awaited Professor Goitein's monumental research to provide us at last with a virtual *embarras de richesses* of extraordinarily detailed and richly variegated information. The key to his account, one which rivals the Dead Sea Scrolls in its apocalyptic revelation of an entire civilization, is the

✪ HOWARD M. SACHAR is professor of Modern European and Middle Eastern history at George Washington University. He is the author of four volumes, the most recent of which, *The Struggle for the Middle East,* will shortly be published by Knopf.

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"Geniza," a storeroom for documents attached to a medieval synagogue in Old Cairo. Influential communities of transplanted Palestinian and Tunisian Jews worshiped in this building, and over the centuries they stored their personal, business and financial records there. Inasmuch as Jews, like Moslems, were scattered throughout the entire Mediterranean world, and because the comparative toleration of the era permitted them free access to all the important mercantile entrepôts south, east and west of the great Middle Sea—and indeed beyond it, to the Indian Ocean itself—their records illuminate not merely "the Jewish communities of the Arab world" (Professor Goitein's modest subtitle), but more generally the very economic structure of Mediterranean society itself.

There is no detail of that structure that is not thoroughly documented in Goitein's remarkable volume. Through his analysis of the Geniza records, we learn that the unity of Mediterranean society was far more palpable than its diversity; that so unhindered and institutionalized was its economic intercourse that Moslems and Jews living in Sfax, Alexandria or Gaza shared a common language (both literally and figuratively) of correspondence, of business, of measurements and payments. There was a certain hierarchization, too, in the vocational composition of Mediterranean life: from the house-slave to the artisan to the professional man to the banker; and the essentially urbanized nature of that Judeo-Islamic society accordingly stands out in dramatic contrast to agricultural, feudal Europe. So does the sheer range of its commerce. Goitein ingeniously deciphers the complex and sophisticated international trade in spices and textiles, from the sources of raw materials to the factories to the distribution of the final products throughout the Mediterranean littoral by sailing ship and camel caravan. The elaborate methods of business organization are similarly catalogued, with their highly refined credit and enforcement mechanisms. It was plainly a community that, even on the economic level, rendered Europe by

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Reading this book, one wonders who was really on trial: Elizabeth Gurley Flynn or the American Civil Liberties Union itself?

A salient feature of this timely book is the section compiled by Dr. Lamont (then a Board Member of ACLU and one of the participants at the trial) which presents the text of important exhibits and related documents, including ACLU's own 1939 pamphlet "Why We Defend Free Speech for Nazis, Fascists and Communists."

Beyond its historical importance, this book has special relevance today because the Civil Liberties Union has recently made mandatory new political tests for its officers and staff of the same general nature that led to the expulsion of Miss Flynn.

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comparison a mere bucolic outpost on the northern shore of Moslem and Jewish intelligence. The prodigality of narrative evidence on this point is supplemented, as well, with appendixes of dates, names, coins, weights, measures and currency exchange rates that should serve as the very marrow of innumerable future interpretive and doctoral works.

It is of interest, however, that Professor Goitein himself chooses to eschew the essentially interpretive role. Unlike Lybyer, for example, who deduced the major shift of Mediterranean trade routes from Byzantine toll revenues, or Stephenson, who presumed to reconstruct the early English Constitution essentially from court rolls, Goitein is unwilling to use his own research as the basis for equally sweeping generalizations about this period—although the temptation must have been severe to offer comment on the growth or decay of economic power in the Mediterranean, or the interaction of commerce between the Maghreb and the emergent Italian city-states. One can only admire Goitein's restraint, for surely no scholar has a better right to delineate the pattern, even the "spirit" of the age. Yet that is not how he views his function. As a purist, he has limited himself to the methodical, infinitely demanding quest for the memorabilia of daily life; for in that high assay lode he has correctly divined the authentic sap of history. His investigations have consumed three decades of indefatigable labor, collecting and studying a moraine of Geniza documents in libraries ranging from New York and Cambridge to Jerusalem and Leningrad, translating them (from Aramaic, Arabic and Hebrew), collating, cataloguing and organizing them for the lay reader. Two subsequent volumes in this project are scheduled, one dealing with "The Community" of the non-Christian Mediterranean world, the other with "The Individual and His Environment." When the mosaic is completed, it will undoubtedly reveal its own pattern and meaning. Yet even now Professor Goitein's achievement definitively ranks him with Flinders-Petrie, Rostovtzeff, Pirenne,

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Ranke, Zunz, Gillespie and a handful of other masters in the limited circle of truly immortal historical scholarship.

On Being a Poet

ALL AND SUNDRY: An Oblique Autobiography. *By Melville Cane. Harcourt, Brace & World. $4.75.*

Reviewed by LOUISE TOWNSEND NICHOLL

Someone remarkably innocent in the mores of publishing once asked me if a "Collected" was the same as an "Autobiography," and I said, "Well—"and went on as best I could. But that was long before Melville Cane came out with *All and Sundry,* which makes me think the naïve question was prophetic—as perhaps all naïve questions are. For here is a volume that is both; that, after the two splendid autobiographical chapters of childhood, climbs the life not from the outside staircase of Now, looking back and down, but from the progressive rungs of Then—the poems, stories, reviews, articles and communications that give us, as no recapitulation could do, the mind, outlook, occupations, preoccupations and lifelong passion for words of the author.

This is not a book to be read once. Read it once, or even not all at once since it was not written so, and you'll be back. It is a rich compendium, and we are grateful that Mr. Cane, after sitting down and writing those first two chapters, got bored, as he has since remarked, and went instead to stand up at the files that he, as orderly a man as if he were not a poet but a lawyer, which he also is, has always kept. From them he took these writings both published and unpublished that give the story. It is not, although always so consistent and forward-moving, a story without struggle, for Melville Cane was born a poet and had to adapt himself to the law, a profession to which he was, he says, "not well suited"—

✪ LOUISE TOWNSEND NICHOLL, whose poems have appeared in the SCHOLAR from time to time, is an editor and literary adviser.

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a feat that, incidentally, he accomplished with known success. There were difficult years when the urgent native talent was suppressed: it took awhile to get the two careers teamed up. This is for Mr. Cane himself to tell, but the Dedication, "To the Memory of Carl Gustav Jung, 1876-1961, Bestower of Wisdom," is a clue to how it was effected. The poetry really began to flow in its own personal genre in 1926 when he was forty-seven, as he tells in the end piece, "Becoming A Poet," the last thing to be written and an autobiography in itself.

There are two substantial sections of poetry here—"New Poems" and "Early Poems," the latter written at Columbia when he and John Erskine were the outstanding poets and editors of the class of Naughty-Naught, and in the following few years. "Light verse" has always been considered Mr. Cane's medium, ever since that Austin-Dobsonish turn of century, when *vers de société* was the imported in-thing and the young Cane found it tailored to his need and to the needs of *Puck, Judge,* the old *Life, Smart Set, Leslie's Magazine* and *Munsey's.* That through Mr. Cane those outlets now link up directly with the contemporary publishing scene would make this book, if for no other reason, interesting. But it isn't true that he is in the usual sense a light-verse writer. He has also done, and does, serious verse, and there is always a great deal more to the light than meets the eye, although the eye is given full satisfaction, as is also the ear, that hungriest of senses where poetry is concerned. There is an extra something to his light verse, and this extra something, this exquisite and often even excruciating rightness, emerges primarily, I suggest, from rhyme. Rhyme is not, as is unfortunately sometimes thought, adornment only, or a haphazard and unauthentic prop or thread—*spot* used only because of *not* two lines ahead, and with no essential connection. Nothing could be further from the truth: inevitable rhymes actually bear the burden of the meaning, the intention, can the poet but break through to where they lurk in wait. Mr. Cane does so break through. A Prospero with rhyme his Ariel, he does some magical things.

One poem that deservedly stands alone among the prose pieces (between "I Have Lunch with Aunt Rae" and "Mr. Samuels," to be exact) is the resurrected observation called "Notwithstanding, Nevertheless," which certainly calls for a place of its own. Written in 1930, then "lost to both sight and memory," it turned up recently and was used in the *Atlantic.*

> Lady that I've taken to
> (Why?—I can't awaken to),
> How you hold my fond attention
> Circumvents my comprehension.
> I might mention, what you give
> Out is largely negative.
> Yet, you start a tender current
> I'd be missing if it weren't.
> I can only dimly guess
> You've a something, nevertheless,
> Yes, a downright nevertheless

It's too bad not to give it all, but it is rather long and there are ethics about these things.

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Especially in this book whose articles make clear "Who Owns Your Letters?" "Why Ask for Permission?" *et cetera,* it is better not. Anyway, here are the last four lines:

> Hear a victim in distress,
> Nevertheless and notwithstanding;
> Heal a fever that's expanding
> Notwithstanding, nevertheless.

There are many examples in the "New Poems" of serious verse in which any lightness is rather a clarity through which depths are seen. One chosen almost but not quite at random is:

By One, Unsure

My feet toe in, as Indians' do,
A natural gait,
And as I track across the snow,
Pursuing fate,
My thoughts turn inward, shutting out
The world's distractions roundabout.
I pause a step and gaze behind
To note a pattern well-defined,
Stampings from a special mint
As personal as fingerprint.
The course between, a winding path
Of strait and unassuming breadth,
By one, unsure of destinies,
Who swerves within parentheses.

One tiny essay called "Poignant," at the very heart of the book, springs from the aforementioned passion for words that informs and determines the personality and performance of the poet. Here he tries to analyze what it is that makes the word "Poignant" so potent, mystic and mysterious to him. Here he drives down to the deepest regions of his sensibility, to dredge up what he can for us of the naked agony not of becoming, but of being, a poet. As he says of the word, "I associate it with spirit, the anguish of the soul rather than the pangs of the flesh." And, again, "The letter p, sharply pointed, penetrates the surface through to the heart of the matter and thus reinforces the sense of profundity." Here, in this tiny insert not two pages long, is rooted the whole record flowering around it. And it would seem that Mr. Cane's own poetry has much in common with that "letter p."

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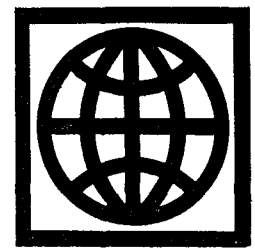

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The Reader Replies

THE READER REPLIES *carries miscellaneous comments by readers and authors on various articles that have appeared in the magazine. All communications should be addressed to: Editor,* THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, *1811 Q Street, N.W., Washington, D. C. 20009. Because of space limitations we cannot guarantee to print all letters received.*
—EDITOR

As one bystanding observer, I would commend Waverley Root's excellence and integrity as author of "De Gaulle and the Dollar" in the Summer issue. My thanks.

F. A. HARPER, President
Institute for Humane Studies, Inc.
Menlo Park, California

* * *

Waverley Root's defense of French policy in international monetary affairs [AS: Summer, 1968] appears to be based on his excellent access to French official sources and his largely negative appraisal of the coverage given monetary affairs by at least some American correspondents in Europe. As one of the reporters he mentioned, I feel it necessary to comment on certain of his opinions.

In the first part of "De Gaulle and the Dollar," Mr. Root quite properly defends French bankers from charges that they act at the behest of the French government. He says that they "like American bankers, are private businessmen who handle the affairs of their clients without asking governmental permission for each operation." Yet he charges that "the United States [was not] able to resist the temptation to overextend herself [sic] by taking advantage of the special legal position of the dollar." The fact that much of the American payments deficit—the overextending he mentions—is due to direct foreign investment, decided by individual firms and thus hardly an official government policy, does not fall into the same category as actions of French bankers, according to Mr. Root.

While I would agree that direct French action in the money markets could not be qualified as an attack on the dollar, I have been able to observe that French official policy is another matter.

Most central bankers and finance ministry officials in all countries agree that international confidence is vital for the successful operation of any world monetary system. Without a general willingness to make the operation work according to agreed rules, the monetary system is almost certain to be in trouble.

Because France felt that the monetary system should be changed, mainly owing to the preeminent role played by the dollar since the war, French policy has aimed at convincing others to join in pressing for such a change. The French approach was to undermine confidence and thus objectively weaken the existing system.

Special drawing rights are not, as Mr. Root suggests, merely a way of extending member countries' normal drawing rights in the International Monetary Fund. Instead, they would take a place beside gold, the dollar and the pound sterling as a transferable international reserve. At the Stockholm meeting of the Group of Ten monetary powers, where Mr. Root was unfortunately absent, all countries except France accepted the S.D.R.'s. Representatives of many of the European states told me that, as bankers, they preferred to employ a conservative approach to monetary reform before trying something more radical, which France seemed to be proposing. But four Common Market countries—Belgium, West Germany, Italy and the Netherlands—did attempt just prior to the final meeting in Stockholm to get French Finance Minister Michel Debré to say just what he meant by reform and could get no details.

By the time agreement was reached at Stockholm, Mr. Debré was no longer insisting on an end to the American and British balance of payments deficits before agreeing to the S.D.R.'s, but rather he wanted a firm commitment from all parties on a more sweeping reform, without saying what he meant. In an effort to give France an escape clause later, but to obtain its assent at Stockholm to a reform which it had

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previously accepted in principle, the other Common Market countries did support its request that any country be given the right to "opt out" of the plan. The others agreed, but France was unwilling to accept this concession as adequate.

Despite French abstention, which can be reversed at any time, the S.D.R.'s are expected to come into use in late 1969. Indeed, after the disturbances of May-June 1968 and the subsequent outflow of one-third of French reserves, France may find that there is a liquidity shortage—the very reason for creating S.D.R.'s.

But France, contributor of only a minor percentage of International Monetary Fund assets, cannot block the inauguration of Special Drawing Rights. Indeed, by abstaining, it deprives the Common Market group of sufficient strength to veto activation of the S.D.R.'s, for which France fought long and hard.

It should be noted that the week after the Stockholm meeting, Mr. Debré unveiled his plan for reforming the monetary system. In essence, he called for a reserve role for the French franc similar to that of the dollar and the pound sterling. Even *Le Monde,* which, although not Gaullist, has reported French policy sympathetically and has frequently been used as a channel for informing other governments of French monetary moves, found the Debré proposals raised more questions than they answered.

Incidentally, Mr. Root says that he cannot find instances where the French press has acted to undermine confidence in the dollar. Allow me to cite one example. *Le Monde,* in an article that appeared at the opening of the Stockholm meeting, gave prominence to a report that, based on first-quarter figures, the U.S. payments deficit in 1968 would be $8 billion. The story indicated that, even before the first quarter was over, *Le Monde* had found that the three-month deficit would be $2 billion. This, in my opinion, is highly tendentious reporting, especially because the actual figure was $600 million, and it was unsound to multiply this figure by four since, in the first quarter, there had been large imports of copper and steel, because of a strike and the threat of a strike, both of which were resolved by midyear. But the *Le Monde* article could have given the impression that the crisis in the U.S. balance of payments was too severe to make possible acceptance of the S.D.R.'s, which the French say are only a way to shore up the dollar.

Space does not allow a detailed response to each of Mr. Root's points, which, I believe, are open to question. At one point he criticizes my reporting of an O.E.C.D. meeting in Paris in which I mentioned Mr. Debré's self-assured attitude. Admittedly, this was my opinion and that of other observers who actually saw Mr. Debré at the meeting. I believe it is fair reporting to convey to readers not only a verbatim account of what a man says, but also his style and attitude. In any case, I have "covered" and spoken with Mr. Debré on many occasions, despite Mr. Root's doubts, and I did see him at the meeting in question where, again unfortunately, Mr. Root was absent. In the interest of brevity I will merely add that my presence at that meeting and my on-the-spot interviews with participants confirm those reports on the meeting, which Mr. Root cites and challenges.

While I admit Mr. Root's right to defend French policy and to criticize the way the American press has covered it, I do not find that his pinpointing of the location of the residences of the renowned *Newsweek* reporter Arnaud de Borchgrave and myself has much relevance to our coverage. It may well be that neither of us was in Paris during as much of the period under review as was Mr. Root, but I do not believe that this makes a prima facie case against our reporting. Nor do I believe that Mr. Root's arguments are undermined simply because he has been stationed in Paris for the last forty years and his wife is French.

GORDON L. WEIL
Levittown, New York

MR. ROOT replies: I fear that if I set out to answer Mr. Weil on the substance of the questions he raises, the result would inevitably be too long to print, and, even if there were space for it, too complicated and involved to interest any readers except specialists in financial matters, whom I would not presume to instruct. Let me therefore confine myself to noting a few minor points.

1. Mr. Weil objects to my remark that "the United States [was not] able to resist the temptation," *et cetera,* because this weakness was not decided by official government policy. May I point out that I did not write "the United States *government*"?

2. Mr. Weil interprets M. Debré's plan for monetary reform as calling for a reserve role for the French franc. I think this would surprise M. Debré.

3. After citing a number of editorials from the British and American press, I observed that

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I had been unable to find any analogous expressions of unfavorable opinion in the French press. Mr. Weil quotes a story in the *Le Monde*. This was not an editorial, but a news story. Mr. Weil is a working journalist. As such, does he take the position that news stories and editorials should serve the same functions?

May I conclude by expressing my admiration for the adroitness with which Mr. Weil, in his final paragraph, has employed a form of insinuation practiced with great effect by Cicero, a most successful lawyer?

* * *

May I have permission to reprint in the quantity of several thousands the article entitled "Rioting, Insurrection and Civil Disobedience" by Ralph W. Conant, appearing in the Summer 1968 issue? It is superb. . . .

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